If you know not me, You know no body.

The Second Part:

VVith the building of the Royall Exchange.

AND

The famous Victory of Queene *Elizabeth*: *Anno* 1588.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

If you know not me,
You know no body.

THE SECOND PART.

VVith the building of the Exchange.

Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Enter one of Greſhams Factors, and a Barbary Merchant.

Factor.

MY Maſter, ſir, requeſts your company,
About confirming certaine couenants,
Touching your laſt nights conference.

Merchant. The Sugars.
Beleeue me, to his credite be it ſpoke,
He is a man of heedfull prouidence,
And one that by innatiue courteſie, (offence
Winnes loue from ſtrangers, be it without
How are his preſent fortunes reckoned?

Fact. Neyther to flatter, nor detract from him,
He is a Merchant of good eſtimate,
Care how to get, and fore-caſt to encreaſe
(If ſo they be accounted) be his faults.

Mer. They are ſpeciall vertues, being cleare
From auarice and baſe extortion. *Enter Greſham.*
But here he comes: Good day to M. *Greſham.*
You keepe your word.

Greſh. Elſe ſhould I ill deſerue

The title that I weare, a Merchants tongue
Should not staine false.

Mer. What thinke you of my proffer,
Touching the Sugar?

Gref. I beleeue my selfe
Both of the gaine and losses incident,
And this I take't was the whole circumstance,
It was my motion, and I thinke your promise,
To get me a seal'd Patent from your King,
For all your *Barbary* Sugars at a price,
During the Kings life: and for his Princely loue,
I am to send him threescore thousand pounds.

Mer. 'Twas so condition'd, and to that effect
His highnesse promise is already past,
And if you dare giue credit to my trust,
Send but your priuate Letters to your Factor,
That deales for your affaires in *Barbary*,
His Maiesty shall either seale your Patent,
Or Ile returne the money to your Factor.

Gref. As much as I desire; pray sir draw neere
And taste a cup of wine whilst I consider
And throughly scan such accidentall doubts,
As may concerne a matter of such moment.

Mer. At your best leasure.

Gref. Ile resolue you straight.
Bethinke thee *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds,
A good round summe: let not the hope of gaine
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a Patent
For all the *Barbary* Sugars at a rate,
The gaine cleere, a halfe in halfe, but then the hazard:
My terme continues during the Kings life,
The King may dye before my first returne,
Then where's my Cash? why, so the King may liue
These 40. yeares, then where is *Greshams* gaine?
It stands in this as in all ventures else
Doubtfull; no more, Ile through what ere it cost.
So much cleere gaine, or so much coyne cleere lost.
Within there ho.

Enter Iohn Gresham, 2. *or* 3. *Factors.*

Fact. At hand sir, did you call?

Gres. How thriues our Cash? what, is it well encreast?
I speake like one that must be fore't to borrow.

1. *Fact.* Your worship's merry.

Gres. Merry, tell me knaue,
Dost thou not thinke that threescore thousand pounds
Would make an honest Merchant try his friends? *Meaning his Cash.*

Fact. Yes by my faith sir, but you haue a friend
Would not see you stand out for twice the summe.

Gres. Praise God for all, but what's the common rumour
Touching my bargaine with the King of *Barbary*?

1. *Fact.* 'Tis held your credit, and your Countries honour,
That being but a Merchant of the City,
And taken in a manner vnprouided,
You should vpon a meere presumption
And naked promise, part with so much Cash.
Which the best Merchants both in *Spaine* and *France*,
Denied to venture on.

Gres. Good: but withall,
What doe they thinke in generall of the Bargaine?

1. *Fact.* That if the King confirme and seale your Patent,
London will yeeld you partners enow.

Gres. I thinke no lesse: Goe fit you for the Sea,
I meane to send you into *Barbary*,
You into *Venice*, you to *Portingall*,
Prouide you presently: where much is spent,
Some must be got, thrift should be prouident.
Come hither Cosin, all the rest depart. *Exeunt Factors.*

Iohn. I had as good depart too, for hee'll ring a peale in mine eare,
'Twill sound worse then a passing Bell.

Gres. I haue tane note of your bad husbandry,
Careless respect, and prodigall expence,
And out of my experience counsell you.

Iohn. And I hope good Vncle, you thinke I am as ready to take good counsell, as you to giue it, and I doubt not, but to cleere my selfe of all obiections that foule-mouthed enuy shall intimate against me.

Gref. How can you satisfie the great complaint
Preferr'd against you by old Mistris *Bunt*,
A woman of approued honesty.

Iohn. That's true, her honesty hath beene prooued oftner then once or twice: but doe you know her Vncle? are you inward with her course of life, shee's a common midwife for trade false virginity, there are more maiden-heads charged and discharged in her house in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillery-yard.

Gref. Shee brings in further proofe that you miscall'd her.

Iohn. I neuer call'd her out of her name, by this hand, Vncle, to my remembrance.

Gref. No? she sayes you call'd her Bawde.

Iohn. True; and I haue knowne her answere to't a thousand times: tut Vncle, 'tis her name, and I know who gaue it her too, by the same token her Godfather gaue her a bowd aggell, standing at the doore, which she hath kept time out of mind.

Gref. Antonio reports you loue his wife.

Iohn. Loue, why alas Vncle, I hold it a parcell of my duty to loue my neighbours, and should I hate his wife, no man would hold me a fit member for a Common-wealth.

Gref. He hates you for't.

Iohn. Why, alas Vncle, that's not my fault, I'le loue him nere-theleſſe, you know we are commanded to loue our enemies, and though he would see me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

Gref. He told me you bestowed a gowne of a strumpet.

Iohn. Why, alas Vncle, the poore whore went naked, and you know the Text commands vs to cloath the naked, and deeds of mercy be imputed vnto vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

Gref. Well, if your prodigall expences be aim'd
At any vertuous and religious end,
Tis the more tolerable, and I am proud
You can so probably excuse your selfe.

Iohn. Well Vncle, to approue my words, as indeed good words without deeds, are like your greene Figge-tree without fruite; I haue sworne my selfe to more conformable and strict course of life.

Gref. Well Cosin, hoping you'l proue a new man.

Iohn

Iohn. A new man, what elſe Vrckle? I'le be a new man from the top to the toe, or I'le want of my will. In ſtead of Tennis-Court, my morning exerciſe ſhall be at Saint *Antlins*: I'le leaue Ordinaries, and to the end I may forſweare Dicing and Drabbing, keepe me more ſhort Vncle, onely allow mee good apparell, good ragges I'le ſtand to't, are better then ſeuen yeares prentiſhip, for they'll make a man free of any, nay of all Companies, without Indenture, Fathers copy, or any helpe whatſoeuer, but I ſee my error, wilde youth muſt be bridled, keepe me ſhort good Vncle.

Gref. On theſe preſumptions I'le apparell thee.
And to confirme this reſolution,
I will preferre you vnto Maſter *Hobſon*,
A man of a well knowne diſcretion.

Iohn. Any thing good Vncle, I haue ſeru'd my prentiſhip already, but binde me againe and I ſhall be content, and 'tis but reaſon neither; ſend me to the Conduit with the water-tankard, I'le beat Linnen-Buckes, or any thing to redeeme my negligence.

Gref. Your education challenges more reſpect.
The Factor dealt for him in *France* is dead.

Iohn. And you intend to ſend me in his roome.

Gref. I doe indeed.

Iohn. It is well done Vncle, and 'twill not be amiſſe in policy to doe ſo: the onely way to curbe a diſſolute youth, as I am, is to ſend him from his acquaintance, & therefore ſend me far enough good Vncle, ſend mee into *France* and ſpare not, and if that reclaime me not, giue me o're as paſt all goodneſſe.

Gref. Now as I liue, my thoughts were much againſt him,
And my intent was to haue chid him roundly.
But his ſubmiſſiue recantation
Hath made me friends with him. Come follow me,
I'le doe thee good, and that immediately. *Exit.*

Iohn. Thanke you good Vncle, you'll ſend me into *France*, all *Forbeone*: and I doe not ſhew you the right trick of a Coſin afore I leaue *England*, I'le giue you leaue to call me Cut, and cozen me of my patrimony, as you haue done. *Exit.*

Enter Hobſons Prentiſes, and a boy.

1. *Prent.* Prethee fellow *Goodman* ſet forth the ware, and looke

looke to the shop a little; I'le [illegible] drinke a cup of Wine with a Customer at the R[illegible] in the *Pantry*, and come againe presently.

2. *Prent.* I must [illegible] step to the Dagger in *Cheape*, to send a Letter into the Country vnto my Father, stand by, you are the youngest Prentise, looke you to the shop.

Enter Hobson.

Hob. Where be these varlets, bones a me, at Tauerne?
Knaues, villaines, spend goods, why my Customers
Must either serue themselues, or packe vnseru'd.
Now they peepe like Italian pantelownes
Behind an arras, but I'le start you knaues,
I haue a shooing-horne to draw on your liquor,
What say you to a peece of a salt Eele?
Come forth you hang-dogs, bones a me, the knaues
Fleere in my face, they know me too well,
I talke and prate, and lay't not on their iackes,
And the proud Iacks care not a figge for mee:
But bones a me, Ile turne another leafe.
Where haue you beene sir?

1. *Prent.* An honest Customer
Requested me to drinke a pint of Wine.

Hob. Bones a me, must your crimson throat
Be scowr'd with wine? your Master's glad of beere:
But you'l dye banquerouts, knaues & banquerouts all,
And where haue you beene?

2. *Prent.* At breakfast with a Dagger-pie sir,

Hob. A Dagger-pye! vds daggers death, these knaues
Set cocke a hope, but *Hobson* payes for all.
But bones a me, knaues either mend your manners,
Leaue Ale-houses, Tauernes, and the tipling mates,
Your Punkes and Cocatrices, or Ile clap yee
Close vp in Bridewell, bones a me, Ile do't.

2. *Prent.* Beseech you sir, pardon this first offence.

Hob. First, bones a me, why 'tis your common course,
And you must needs be gusling, goe by turnes,
One to the Ale-house, and two keepe the shop.

Enter

Enter Pedler with Tawny-coate.

2. *Prem.* It shall be done sir, how much ware would you haue?

Ped. Fiue pounds worth in such commodities
As I bespoke last night.

1. *Prem.* They are ready sorted.

Taw. God blesse your Maister *Hobson.*

Hob. Bones-a-me, knaue, thou'rt welcome, what's the newes
At bawdy *Barnewell*, and at *Sturbridge*-fayre?
What, haue your *London* wenches any trading?

Taw. After the old sort sir, they visite the Toule-booth, and the Bulring still.

Hob. Good girles, they doe their kind: what, your pack's empty?
Good newes, a signe you bring your purses full,
And bones a me, full purses must be welcome:
Sort out their wares, welcome's your due,
Pay the old debt, and pen and and inke for new.

Taw. We haue for you sir, as white as Beares teeth.

Hob. Bones a me, knaues you are welcome: but what newes?
What newes i'th Countrey? what commodities
Are most respected with your Country Girles.

Taw. Faith sir, our Country Girles are akinne to your *London* Courtiers, euery month sicke of a new fashion, the horning buske and silken bride-laces are in good request with the Parsons wife; your huge poking-sticke, and French Periwig, with Chambermaids and waiting Gentlewomen; now your Puritanes poker is not so huge, but somewhat longer; a long slender poking-sticke is the all in all with your *Suffolke* Puritane; your silk-band, halfe farthingales, and changeable fore-parts are common, not a wench of thirteene but weares a changeable fore-part.

Hob. An ancient wearing: there's some changeable stuffe
Has beene a weare with women time out of mind.

Taw. Besides sir, many of our young married men, haue tane an order to weare yellow garters, points, and shootyings, and 'tis thought yellow will grow a custome.

Hob. 'Tas beene vs'd long at *London.*

Taw. And 'tis thought 'twill come in request in the Countrey too, for a fashion, that three or foure young wenches haue promised mee their husbands shall weare, or they'll misse of their

markes : then your maske, silke-lace, washt gloues, carnation girdles, and busk-point suitable, as common as Coales from *New-castle*, you shall not haue a Kitchin-maide scrape trenchers without her washt gloues, a Darie-wench will not ride to market to sell her butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

Hob. Still a good hearing, let the Countrey pay
Well for their pride, 'tis *gratis* here at *London* :
And that's the cause 'tis growne so generall :
But feed their humours, and doe not spare,
Bring Countrey money for our *London* ware.

Enter Gresham, and Iohn Gresham.

Gresh. Where M. *Hobson* ! cry you mercy sir.

Hob. No harme good M. *Gresham*, pray draw neere.
I'le but dispatch a few old customers,
And bend a present care to your discourse.

Gresh. At your best leasure.

Hob. My cake is done :
O M. *Gresham*, 'twas a golden world
When we were boyes, and honest Countrey-yeomen,
Such as our Fathers were, Heauen rest their soules,
Would weare white Karsie : bones a me you knaues,
Stooles for these Gentlemen : your Worship's welcome.

Gresh. You know my businesse?

Hob. About your kinsman,
He shall be welcome : beseech you Gentleman
Lesse of your courtesie : when shall we see the youth?

Gresh. Why this is he.

Hob. Which, bones a me, which?

Gresh. Why this.

Hob. Which, where, what this young Gentleman?
Bones a me man, he's not for *Hobson* turne,
He looks more like my Master then my seruant.

Gresh. I must confesse he is a Gentleman,
And my neere kinsman : were he mine owne childe
His seruice should be yours.

Hob. I thanke you for't,
And for your sake I'le giue him entertainment :
But Gentleman, if you become my man,

You

You must become more ciuill : bones a me,
What a curld pate is here ? I must ha't off,
You see my liuery, *Hobsons* men are knowne
By their Freeze coats : and you will dwell with me,
You must be plaine, and leaue off brauery.

John. I hope sir to put on such ciuill conformity, as you shall not repent my entertainment,

Hob. Pray Heauen it prooue so.

Gref. If he doe respect
an Vncles loue, let him be diligent.

Hob. Well M. *Greſham*, partly for your loue,
And chiefly to supply my present want,
Because you say your kinsman is well seene
Both in languages and factorship,
I doe intend to send him into *France*,
In trust both with my Merchandizes and Cash.

John. And if I take not order to cashier that and my selfe too, a pox of all French farthingales.

Greſh. How stand you minded to your Masters motion?

John. Somewhat vnwilling to leaue my acquaintance, but good Vncle, I know you send me out of loue, and I hope 'twill be a meanes to call me home the sooner.

Greſh. Pray Heauen it may.

John. Ile want of my will else, Ile play a Merchants part with you, Ile take vp French commodities, velvet kirtles, and taffety fore-parts ; Ile ha that I goe for, or Ile make halfe the hot-houses in *Deepe* smoake for this tricke.

Hob. What, are your Bookes made euen with your accompts?

1. *Pren.* I compar'd our wares with our receipt,
And find sir, ten pounds difference.

Hob. Bones a me knaue,
Ten pounds in a morning : here's the fruite
Of Dagger pyes, and Alehouse gussings :
Make euen your reckonings, or bones a me knaues,
You shall all smart for't.

2. Harke you fellow *Goodman*,
Who tooke the ten pounds of the Country chapman,
That told my Master the new fashions ?

1. Fore mee not I.
3. Nor I.

Hob. Bones a me, knaues,
I haue pay'd soundly for my Country newes.
What was his name?

1. Now as I liue, I know not.
2. I neuer saw him in the shop till now.

Hob. Now bones a me, what careleſſe knaues keepe I,
Giue mee the booke, what habite did he weare?

1. As I remember me, a tawny coat.

Hob. Art sure? then set him downe *Iohn Tawny-coat.*

1. Ten pound in truſt vnto *Iohn Tawny-coat.*

Hob. Bones a me mad, theſe knaues will begger mee.

Greſ. Birlady sir, ten pounds is too much to loſe,
But ten times ten cannot shake your credit.

Hob. Thanke Heauen for all: when I came firſt to Towne
It would haue shooke me shrewdly. But M. *Greſham,*
How stands your difference with sir *Thomas Ramſey?*
Are you made friends yet?

Greſ. He is so obstinate,
That neither Iuries nor Commiſſions,
Nor the intreaties of his neareſt friends,
Can stoope him vnto compoſition.

Hob. 'Tis passing strange: were *Hobſon* in your coat,
Ere I'de couſume a penny amongſt Lawyers,
I'de giu't poore people, bones a me I would.

Greſ. A good reſolue: but sir *Thomas Ramſies* minde
Is of another temper; and ere *Greſham*
Will giue away a title of his right,
The Law shall begger me.

Hob. Bones a me, man, 'twill doe that quickly.

Greſ. To preuent which course,
The Lady *Ramſey* hath by earneſt suit,
Procur'd the Reuerend Preacher Doctor *Nowell,*
A man well reckoned for his graue reſpect,
To comprimiſe and end our difference.
The place the Lumbard, ten of the clocke the houre
Appointed for the hearing of our cauſe.

shall I request your friendly company?

Hob. With all my heart, both company and purse:
Bones a me, knaues, looke better to my shop:
Men of our trade must weare good husbands eyes,
Mongst many chapmen there are few that buyes.
My leasure now your businesse attends,
Time's won, not lost, that's spent to make men friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Doctor Nowell, *and my Lady* Ramsie.

Lady. Good Master Doctor *Nowel*, let your loue
Now shew itselfe vnto me: such as they,
Men of the chiefest note within this City
To be at such a jarre, doth make mee blush,
Whom it doth scarse concerne: you are a good man,
Take you the cause in hand, and make them friends,
'Twill be a good dayes worke, if so it ends.

D. Now. My Lady *Ramsie*, I haue heard ere this,
Of their contentions, their long suite in Law.
How by good friends they haue bin perswaded both,
Yet both but deafe to their perswasion.
What can my word doe with such headstrong men?
Breath blowne against the winde, returnes againe.

Lady. Although to Gentlemen and Citizens,
They haue beene so rash, yet to so graue a man,
Of whom none speake, but speake with reuerence,
Whose words are gather'd in by euery eare,
As flowers receiue the dew that comforts them,
They will be more attentiue: pray take it in hand,
'Tis a good deed, 'twill with your vertue stand.

D. Now. To be a make-peace doth become me wel,
The charitable motion good in you,
And in good sooth, 'twill make me wet mine eyes,
To see them euen, haue beene so long at odds.
And by my meanes, He doe the best I can,
But heauen must blesse my words, for man's but man.

Enter sir Thomas Ramsie.

Lady. I thanke you heartily, and by the hour I know,
They will be presently here on the Lumbard.

Whither I drew you for this intent?
And see, sir *Thomas* is come, pray breake with him.

D. Now. Good day to sir *Thomas Ramsie*.

Ram. M. Deane of *Paules*, as much to you.
'Tis strange to see you here in *Lumbert Street*,
This place of traffick whereon Merchants meet.

D. Now. 'Tis not my custome. But sir *Thomas*

Enter M. Gresham, and old Hobson.

Hob. Come, come,
Now body-a-me, I sweare not every day,
You are too-too much to blame, two Citizens,
Such as your selfe, and sir *Thomas Ramsie* are,
To beate your selfes in Law fixe or seuen yeere,
Make Lawyers, Turneyes Clarkes, and knaues to spend
Your money in a brabling Controuersie,
Euen like two fooles. See where the other is
With our Deane of *Paules*, we 2 better met,
We two a vmpiers will conclude a strife
Before the clocke strike twelue, that now is eleuen,
Lawyers this full seauen yeares haue brabled in,
And with a Cup or two of merry gi-downe,
Make them shake hands. Is't not well said M. Deane?

D. Now. And I could wish it as well done, M. *Hobson*.

Gresh. Ile haue you both know, though you are my friends,
I scorne my cause should stoope or yeeld to ought,
Although he be reputed *Ramsie* the rich.

Ramf. And *Gresham* the peerelesse that *Ramsies* purse
Sall make him spend the wealth of *Osterley*,
But he shall know?

Gresh. What shall I know?

Ramf. That *Ramsie* is as good a man as *Gresham*,

Gresh. And *Gresham* is as good a man as *Ramsie*.

Ramf. Tut, tut, tut.

Gresh. Tut in thy teeth although thou art a Knight.

Hob. Bones-a-me, you are both to blame?
We two like friends come to conclude our strife,
And you like fish-wiues fall a scolding here,

D. Now. How stands the difference twixt you my good friends?

Lady. The impatience both of the one and other

Will

Will not permit to heare each other speake:
I'le tell the cause for both, and thus it is;
There is a Lordship called *Osterley*,
That M. *Gresham* hath both bought, and built vpon.

Gresh. And 'tis a goodly Manour, M. Deane.

Lady. Which *Osterley* before he dealt therein,
Sir *Thomas* my husband here did thinke to buy,
And had giuen earnest for it.

Ram. Then *Gresham* here, deales with the Land-seller,
And buyes my bargaine most dishonestly.

Gresh. Heauen for thy money, touch mine honesty,
Away with comprimise, with taking vp,
The Law shall try my cause and honesty.

Ram. 'Twill proue no better then it should *Gresham*.

Gresh. T'will proue as good as *Ramsies*, *Ramsie*.

Ram. Doe not I know thy rising?

Gresh. I, and I know thine.

Ram. Why mine was honestly.

Gresh. And so was mine..

Hob. Heyday, bones a me,
Was't euer seene two men to scold before?
Here's I know thy rising, and I know thine,
When as Heauens blessing hath rais'd them both,
Am I worse, because in *Edwards* dayes,
When Popery went downe, I did ingrosse
Most of the Beads that were within the Kingdome,
That when Queene *Mary* had renewed that Church,
They that would pray on beads were forc'd to me?
I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich thereby,
Beads were to me a good commodity.

Gresh. No matter for your beads, my right's my right.

Ram. Yet *Gresham* shall well know he hath done me wrong.

Gresh. There's Law enough to right you, take your course.

D. Now. Reason being made mans guide, why is't that force
And violent passions doe sweepe the soule
Into such head-long mischiefes, 'tis onely this,
Reason would rule, Nature a rebell is.
You know the fire of your contention,

Hath

Hath onely cherishing and is maintain'd
From vile affections, whose strength's but theirs,
As soultry heate doth make vs shun the fire,
An extreame cold doth alter that desire:
All things that haue beginnings haue their ends:
Your hate must haue conclusion, then be friends.

Hob. Friends, M. Doctor *Nowel*, looke you here,
Here's M. *Greshams* hand.

Lady. Ile bring the other.

Hob. This seuen yeare they haue beene in Law together,
How much such men as they in seuen yeare spend,
Lawyers may laugh at, but let wise men iudge.

Gresh. Friend *Hobson*,

Ramf. Wife, Lady.

Hob. Bones a me, Ile hold you fast,
I will not haue a couple of such men
Make cackling Lawyers rich, and themselues fooles,
And for a trifling cause. As I am old *Hobson*,

Gresh. Sir *Thomas Ramsie*.

Ramf. Master *Gresham*.

Hob. Body of me, both shall be school'd. M. D. *Nowel*,
You know the cause, that this contention
Is onely that he bought a peece of land
This had giuen earnest for: all *Adams* earth,
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* sonnes.
And 'tis a shame men should contend for it.
What ere you speake shall for a sentence stand,
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

D. Now. If I must then decide the difference,
Thus it shall be: because that Sir *Thomas Ramsie*
Had earnest giuen before you bought the Land,
Though you were not acquainted with so much,
I doe award he haue an hundred pounds
Towards his charges. And for that you
Haue both paid for the Land, and built vpon it,
It shall continue yours. The money you haue spent,
Eyther account it lost, or badly lent.

Gresh. Sprecious, I haue spend fiue hundred pound.

Ramf.

Ramf. And ſo haue I.

Hob. No matter.
The iudgement ſtands, onely this verdit too,
Had you before the Law fore-ſeene the loſſe,
You had not now come home by weeping croſſe:
Strifes may as well haue end twixt honeſt men,
Lawyers ſet fooles to Law, then laugh at them.

Greſh. Indeed 'tis true: and now I thinke vpon it,
We might at firſt haue ended it by friends,
And made our ſelues merry with the money.
But being done, 'tis done: then ſir *Thomas Ramſy*
Let's leaue both loſers, 'tis but a thouſand pound,
And if you be as well content as I,
Here wee'l ſhake hands, and let our anger dye.

Hob. Shake hands, by the marry-maſſe, ſir *Thomas* what elſe.

Ramf. You ſhew your ſelues our friends, to make vs friends,
Then in good ſooth Ile not be obſtinate.

Lady. Nay M. Doctor *Nowell*, ioyne their hands,
I know the reuerent regard of you
Hath temper'd both their hearts.

Greſh. Madam 'tis true, I thinke to any but ſo good a man
We ſhould haue both beene head-ſtrong. But come.

D. Now. With all my heart. Long may you liue together,
As friend ſhould be to friend, brother to brother.

Greſh. Amen, amen, ſir *Thomas*.

Ramf. Amen, amen, Maſter *Greſham*.

Hob. Amen, amen to you both.
And is not this better than euery Tearme
To trot after Lawyers?

Greſh. Good ſooth 'tis true if we could thinke it ſo,
But 'tis mans nature, he deſires his woe.
Now paſſion-a-me ſir *Thomas*, a cruell ſtorme,
And we ſtay long we ſhall be wet to'th skinne.
I doe not lik't, nay it angers me
That ſuch a famous City as this is,
Wherein ſo many gallant Merchants are,
Haue not a place to meete in, but in this.
Where euery ſhowre of raine muſt trouble them.

I cannot tell, but if I liue : let's step to the Popes-head,
Wee shall be dropping dry if we stay here.
Ile haue a Mansion built, and such a roofe,
That Merchants and their wiues, friend, and their friends,
Shall walke vnderneath it as now in *Powles*.
What day of the Month is this?

Hob. Day, M. *Gresham*, let mee see:
I tooke a fellowes word for twenty pound
The tenth of *March*, the tenth of *March*.

Gresh. The tenth of *March*, well if I liue,
Ile raise a worke shall make our Merchants say,
'Twas a good showre that fell vpon that day. How now *Iacke*?

Enter Iohn Gresham.

Iohn. Sir, my M. here hauing preferd me to be his Factor into (*France*,
I am come to take my leaue of you.

Gresh. I thanke him for his care of thee : M. *Hobson*,
My kinsman's come to take his leaue of me,
He tels me you are sending him for *France*.

Hob. Bones a me knaue, art there yet?
I thought thou hadst beene there by this.

Iohn. I did but stay to take my leaue of my Vncle.

Gresh. O M. *Hobson*, he comes in a very good time,
I was be thinking me whom I should send
To fetch this hundred pound I am set to pay
To sir *Thomas Ramsey* : nay, as we are friends,
We'll haue all couenants kept before we part.

Iohn. Heauen grant that I may see it.

Gresh. Here *Iohn*, take this seal'd Ring,
Bid *Timothy* presently send me a hundred pound. *Iohn.* I sir,

Gresh. I am sure he hath it ready told for thee,
We'll stay here on the Lumbard till thou com'st.

Iohn. Yes sir.

D. Now. Nay stay good *Iohn* thou knowst my dwelling *Iohn*?

Iobh. In *Powles* Church-yard sir.

D. Now. The hundred pound thou art sent for, bring it thither,

Iohn. Yes marry will I sir. *Exit*

D. Now. And my good friends, since that so long a strife
Hath end by my persuasion, Ile entreat,

My house may entertaine you for this time,
Where with such necessaries we'll passe the time,
As Heaven shall best be pleased, and you contented:
I keepe no riot, and you looke for none,
Onely my table is for every one.

Gresh. A cup of Sacke and welcome, M. Deane. *Exeunt.*
Nature is best contented with a meane.

Enter Timothy, *and* Iohn Gresham.

Iohn. As I told you *Timothy*,
You must send my Vncle a hundred pound:
He dines at Doctor *Nowels*, and gaue me in charge
To haste with the money after him.

Tim. You come to me *Iohn*, for a hundred pound, I thanke my spirituall maker, I haue the charge of many hundreds of his now *Iohn*: I hope *Iohn* you feare what you ought to feare.

Iohn. Feare? Sfoot what else, I feare.

Tim. I must tell you *Iohn*, and I know it, you haue not fed of the spirituall foody, but edified and suffered the tares of the wilde affections to be burnt.

Iohn. Foot thou wouldst not haue me make my selfe a French Martyr, to be burnt at thase yeares, wouldst thou?

Tim. I haue knowne them *Iohn* of our Church, haue beene burnt for other sinnes before thy yeares.

Iohn. I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue, for as close as you carry your teeth together, with indeed good brother, I doe not thinke but once in a yeare a man might finde you quartered betwixt the mouth at Bishops-gate, and the preaching place in the Spittle.

Tim. Now you talke of the Spittle, I must say in very deed I haue beene in the Spittle.

Iohn. It is the more like *Timothy* you haue beene acquainted with the pox then.

Tim. But if you should thinke *Iohn*, that I would be there to commit, deale, or to speake more prophanely, to venture in the way of all flesh, you doe wrong me being a brother of the faith.

Iohn. Come right your selfe and your Master then, and send him this one hundred pound, here's his seal'd Ring, I hope a warrant sufficient.

Tim. Vpon so good security *Iohn*, Ile sit me to deliuer it. *Iohn.* Spend it, Heauen send me but once to finger it, and if I doe not make a Flanders reckoning on it, and that is, as I haue heard mad wagges say, receiue it here, and reuell it away in another place, let me be spit out of the roome of good fellowship, and neuer haue so much fastour as to touch the skirt of a Taffate petticote.

Tut I am young, and shine Vncle's on old chaffe,
And Ile not want yfaith, since he hath enough,
I must not let this same Wainscote face, yea, and nay, heare me though,

Enter Timothy.

Tim. Here *Iohn*, accept my duety to my Master, I must tell you *Iohn*, I would not haue trusted you *Iohn*, without so sufficient a discharge.

Iohn. I am the lesse beholding vnto you, but now I haue it, because you preacht to me vpon my demand of it, I'le be so bold to lecture vnto you vpon your deliuery. *Timothy* you know the Prouerbe good *Timothy*, *That the still Sow eates all the draffe:* and no question the smoother tongu'd fellow, the more arrant knaue: Heauen forbid I should call you so *Timothy*, yet I will leaue this for your further remembrance:

Vnder the yea and nay, men often buy
Much carriage, finde many a lye;
He that with yea & nay makes all his sayings,
Yet proues a Iudas often in his payings,
Shall haue this written ore his graue,
Thy life seem'd pure, yet di'd a knaue.

Timothy. Doe you heare *Iohn*, you know the chapmans word in London, *Ile trust you, but no further then I see you*: you haue the hundred pound *Iohn*, but for that you haue wrong'd vs, that loue to be edified, I will goe with you to my Master, and see the money deliuered.

Iohn. Why, a trusted me to come with it.

Tim. I care not by yea and nay, Ile goe by yea, and nay, I will.

Iohn. Let me but aske thee this question, Whether doest thou goe in any loue to thy Master, or to me?

Tim.

Tim. Though my Master be my master, yet you haue stirr'd my stomacke.

Iohn. I thought there was the fruite of your Puritane patience, come let's along, and I doe not shew your religion a tricke shall scarse be digested with pepins or cheese, let mee be called Cut. Come along. *Exit.*

Enter Honesty *the Sergeant, and* Quicke.

Hon. Fellow *Quicke*, pray thee haue a care if thou canst see *Iohn* the Vpholster; I must needs arrest him.

Quick. How much is the debt?

Honest. Some fifty pound.

Quic. Dost thou thinke he is able to put in bayle to the action?

Honest. I thinke scarce enough.

Quick. Why then we'll arrest him to the Popes-head, call for the best cheere in the house, first feed vpon him, and then if hee will not come off, carry him to the Compter; but if hee will stretch some 4. or 5. pound, being the sum is so great, hee shall passe, we'll make him sweare he shall not tell he was arrested, and we'll sweare to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

Honest. Thou sayest well.

Quick. I haue serued *Sent* the Perfumer, *Tallow* the Currier, *Quarrell* the Glasier, and some three or foure more of our poore smelts so this morning. *Enter Iohn.*

Iohn. I haue courst through two or three Lanes, yet the miching slaue followes me so close I cannot giue him the slip for this hundred pound: now 'tis in my hand I'de rather be hang'd then part from it: Foot, 'twill make a man merry halfe a yeare together in *France*, command wenches or any thing: part from it quoth you, that were a iest indeed: shall a young man as I am, and though I say it, indifferent proper, goe into a strange Country, and not shew himselfe what mettall he is made of when a comes there? I protest a very good hundred pound, a hundred pound will goe farre in *France*, and when a man hath it not of his owne, who should he make bold withall for it, if hee may not with his Vncle: but see if that thinne fac'd rogue be not come againe, I must haue a tricke for him. *Enter Tim.*

Tim. For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, Ile follow you.

Iohn. Will you, there should be Sergeants hereabouts, will you: Lord if it be thy will send me to hit of one, and if I doe not shew you a tricke. Thou shouldst be a Sergeant by thy peering so.

Honest. Why M. *Iohn* so I am. (thy name?

Iohn. Thou art happily met: I am looking for one, what's

Hon. My name M. *Iohn*, I haue beene merry at your Vncles many a time, my name's *Honesty*.

Iohn. Ifaith. (his yeoman.

Quick. Nay Ile assure you his name is *Honesty*, and I am *Quick*

Iohn. Honesty! Who the pox gaue thee that name? But thou must doe an office for mine Vncle:
Here *Quick*, run thou before and enter the action,
There's money, an action of an hundred pound
Against *Timothy Thin-beard*, M. *Gresham* Factor.
I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

Quick. An action against *Thin-beard*, I goe. *Exit.*

Iohn. Here *Honesty*, here's money for thy arrest,
Be sure to take good bayle, or clap him fast.
I hope I shall shew you a tricke.

Honest. Mum for that.

Iohn. See where he is, good lucke I hope.
Fasten vpon him like a hungry dog vpon a piece of meate:
And if this be not a tricke to catch a foole,
A more knaue learne me, and Ile goe to schoole.

Honest. I arrest you sir,

Tim. Arrest me, thou seruant to Satan, at whose suite?

Honest. At your Masters, M. *Greshams*.

Tim. Heauen for thy mercy, M. *Iohn*, M. *Iohn*.

Iohn. Nay, nay, this 100. pound hath other worke in hand for me, you are in the diuels hands, and so agree. *Exit.*

Tim. My good friend, now what must become of me?

Honest. Vnlesse we shall to the Taberne, and drinke till you can send for baile, you must to the Compter.

Tim. Is there no difference made betwixt the faithfull and the vnfaithfull?

Hon. Faith very little in paying of debts: but if you be so holy, I marueil how you ran so far behind hand with your Master.

Tim. I must confesse I owe my Master 500. pound. How I came

caſſe ſo, it is not fit to lay the ſins of our fleſh open to euery eye. and you know the ſaying, *Tis bad to doe euill, but worſe to boaſt of it*: yet he aboue knowes that ſometimes as ſoone as I haue come from Bow-church, I haue gone to a Bawdy-houſe.

Honeſt. Nay it appeares ſo, that now your Maſter hath ſmelt out your knauery.

Tim. Not to commit in very deed good friend, but onely to ſee faſhions, or to recreate & ſtir vp our drowſie appetites. *Exit. Qu.*

Honeſt. Well, here comes my fellow *Quicke*, and vnleſſe you will content vs for ſtaying, you muſt along to the Compter.

Tim. I hope you thinke *The labourer is worthy of his hire*, wee will ſtay here at the Tauerne, and *Quicke* I will content thee, to carry a Letter to my Maſter, wherein I will make him a reſtitution of his 500. pound by repentance, and ſhew him the way that my frayle nature hath run into.

Honeſt. Well, wee'll be paid by the houre.

Tim. It will not be amiſſe if you buy an houre-glaſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter D. Nowel, Greſham, ſir Thomas Ramſie, Hobſon, Lady Ramſie.

Greſh. Come M. D. *Nowell*, now we haue done
Our worſt to your good cheere, wee'd faine be gone,
Onely we ſtay my kinſman's long returne,
To pay this hundred pound to ſir *Thomas Ramſie*.

D. Now. Then aſſure you he will be here preſently:
In the meane time I haue drawne you to this walke,
A Gallery, wherein I keepe the Pictures
Of many charitable Citizens?
That hauing fully ſatisfied your bodies,
You may by them learne to refreſh your ſoules.

Greſh. Are all theſe pictures of good Citizens?

D. Now. They are, and Ile deſcribe to you ſome of their births.
How they beſtow'd their liues, and did ſo liue,
The fruits of this life might a better giue.

Greſh. You ſhall gaine more in ſhewing this to vs,
Then you haue ſhowne.

Lady. Good M. Deane, I pray you ſhew it vs. (Mayor,

D. Now. This was the picture of ſir *Iohn Filpot* ſometimes
This man at one time, at his owne charge,
Leuied ten thouſand ſouldiers, guarded the Realme

From

From the incursions of our enemies:
And in the yeere a thousand three hundred and eighty,
When *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, *Thomas Percy*, with other Noble men,
Were sent to aide the Duke of *Britanny*,
This sayd *Iohn Filpot* furnisht out foure ships
At his owne charges, and did release the armour
That the poore Souldiers had for victuals pawn'd.
This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior,
That prouident, valiant, and learned Citizen,
That both attach't and kild that Traytor *Tyler*,
For which good seruice, *Walworth* the Lord Maior,
This *Filpot* and foure other Aldermen,
Were Knighted in the field.
Thus did he liue, and yet before he dy'd
Assur'd reliefe for thirteene poore for euer.

Gresh. Now as I liue a worthy Citizen:
Oh good Master Deane.

Now. This sir *Richard Whittington*, three times Maior;
Sonne to a Knight, and Prentise to a Mercer,
Began the Library of Gray-Friars in *London*,
And his Executors after him did build
Whittington Colledge. thirteene Almes-houses for poore men,
Repair'd S. *Bartholomewes* in *Smithfield*,
Glased the Guild-hall, and built *Newgate*.

Hob. Bones a me, then I haue heard lies,
For I haue heard he was a Scullion,
And rais'd himselfe by venture of a Cat.

Now. They did the more wrong to the Gentleman.
This sir *Iohn Allen*, Mercer and Mayor of *London*,
A man so graue of life that he was made
A Priuy Counsellor to King *Henry* the eight:
He gaue this City a rich Coller of Gold,
That by the Maior succeeding should be worne;
Of which sir *William Laxton* was the first,
And is continued euen vnto this yeare,
A number more there are, of whose good deeds
This City flourisht.

Gresh. And wee may be ashamed,

For

For in their deeds we see our owne disgrace,
We that are Citizens are as rich as they were.
Behold their charity in euery streete,
Churches for prayer, Almes-houses for the poore,
Conduits which bring vs water; all which good
We doe see, and are relieu'd withall,
And yet we liue like beasts, spend time and dye,
Leauing no good to be remembred by.

Lady. Among the Stories of these blessed men,
So many that inrich your gallery,
There are two womens Pictures: what were they?

D. Now. They are two that haue deseru'd a memory
Worthy the note of our posterity:
This *Agnes Foster*, wife to sir *A. Foster*,
That freed from begging at the grate at Lud-gate,
Was after Maior of this most famous City,
And builded the South-side of Ludgate vp,
Vpon which wall these verses I haue read.

Deuoute soules that passe this way,
For M. Foster late Maior honestly pray,
And Agnes his wife to God consecrate.
That of pitty this house made for Londoners in Lud-gate:
So that for lodging and water here nothing they pay,
As their Keepers shall answer at dreadfull Doomes day.

Lady. O what a charitable deed was this!

D. Now. This *Ane Gibson*, who in her husbands life,
Being a Grocer, and a Sheriffe of *London*,
Founded a Free-Schoole at *Ratcliffe*,
There to instruct threescore poore children,
Built fourteene Almes-houses for fourteene poore,
Leauing for Tutors 50. pound a yeere,
And quarterly for euery one a Noble.

Lady. Why should not I liue so, that being dead,
My name might haue a Register with theirs.

Gresh. Why should not all of vs being wealthy men
And by Heauens blessing onely rais'd, but
Cast in our mindes how we might them exceed
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

Hob. Bones a me tis true: why should we liue,
To haue the poore to curse vs being dead?
Heauen grant that I may liue, that when I dye,
The poore may laugh, although my Children cry.

Now. If you will follow the religious path,
That these haue beat before you, you shall winne Heauen,
Euen in the mid-day walkes you shall not walke the street,
But Widowes orisons, Lazars prayers, Orphants thankes,
Will flie into your eares, and with a ioyfull blush,
Make you thanke Heaven that you haue done for them:
When otherwise they'll fill you eares with curses,
Crying, wee feed on woe, you are our nurses.
O is't not better that young couples say,
You rais'd vs vp, then you were our decay?
And Mothers tongues teach their first borne to sing,
Of our good deeds, then by you bad to wring.

Hob. No more M. *Nowell*, no more,
I thinke these words should make a man of flint
To mend his life: how say you M. *Gresham?*

Gresh. Fore mee they haue started teares into mine eyes,
And M. D. *Nowell*, you shall see
The words that you haue spoke, haue wrought effect in mee.

Lady. And from these women I will take away,
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

Now. Begin then whilst you liue, lest being dead,
The good you giue in charge be neuer done,
Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes ouer-seers,
And haue this saying euer in your mind:

Women be forgetfull, children be vnkind,
Executors be couetous, and take what they can finde.

Hob. In my time I haue seene many of them.

Gresh. Ile learne then to preuent them whilst I liue,
The good I meane to doe, these hands shall giue.

Enter Quicke.

Quicke. The matter you wot of is done.

Gresh. Done knaue, what's done?

Quicke. He is in hucksters handling sir, and here he commends him vnto you.

Gresh,

Gresh. Knaue doſt tell mee Riddles, what's all this?

Quicke. A thing will ſpeake his owne minde to you,
If you pleaſe but to open the lip.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Be your leaue Gentlemen, I am come to ſmell out my maſter here: Your kinſman *Iohn* ſir, your kinſman *Iohn*.

Gresh. O he has brought the hundred pound, where is he?

Quicke. It appeares by this, the matter is of leſſe waight.

Gresh. What more papers!
Fellow, what haſt thou brought me here, a recantation?

Clo. It may be ſo, for he appeares in a white ſheet.

Quick. Indeed he ſeemes ſorry for his bad life.

Gresh. Bad life, bad life knaue, what meanes all this?
M. D. *Nowel* pray reade for mee,
And Ile reade that my kinſman *Iohn* hath ſent:
Where is he knaue?

Clo. Your worſhip's no wiſer then you ſhould be, to keepe any of that coate.

Gresh. Knaue thou meaneſt.

Clo. Knaue I meane ſir, but your kinſman *Iohn*,
That by this time's well forward on his way.

Gresh. Heyday, what haue we here, knauery as quick as Eeles? We'll more of this.

Clo. You were beſt let me helpe you hold it ſir.

Gresh. Why knaue, doſt thinke I cannot hold a paper?

Clo. Helpe will doe no hurt, for if the knauery be as quicke as an Eele, it may chance to deceiue you. *Greſham reades.*

I am a Merchant made by chance,
And lacking coyne to venture,
Your hundred pound's gone toward France,
Your Factor's in the Counter.

Quick. No ſir, he is yet but in the Tauerne at Counter-gate, but he ſhall ſoone be in if you pleaſe.

Gresh. Away knaue let me reade on.

My father gaue me a portion,
You keepe away my due:
I haue paid my ſelfe a part to ſpend,
Here's a diſcharge for you.

Precious cole, here's a Knaue round with me.

D. No. Your Factor *Timothy Thin-beard* writes to you,
Who as it seemes is arrested at your suite.

Gresh. How, at my suite!

D. Now. And here confesseth by vsing bad Company,
He is runne behind hand fiue hundred pound:
And doth intreate you would be good to him.

Gresh. How, run behind hand fiue hundred pound,
And by bad company. Mr. Deane of Powles,
He is a fellow seemes so pure of life,
I durst haue trusted him with all I had.

D. Now. Here is so much vnder his owne hand.

Gresh. Hu, let me see, who set you to arrest him?

Quick. VVhy your kinsman *Iohn*, your kinsman *Iohn*.

Gresh. Ha, ha, yfaith I smell the knauery then:
This Knaue belike mistrusting of my Kinsman,
VVould come along to see the money giuen me:
Mad *Iacke*, hauing no tricke to put him off,
Arrests him with a Sergeant at my suite,
There went my 100. pound away: this *Thin-beard* then,
Knowing himselfe to haue playd the Knaue with me,
And thinking I had arrested him indeede,
Confesseth all his trickes with yea and nay,
So here's fiue hundred pound come, one run away.

Hob. Bones a me, Mr. *Gresham*, is my man *Iohn*
Gone away with your hundred pound?

Clow. Faith it appeares so by the acquittance that I brought.

Gresh. No matter Mr. *Hobson*, the charge you trust him with,
Ile see he shall discharge, I know he is wilde,
Yet I must tell you Ile not see him suncke.
And trust me, it hath done my heart more good,
The Knaue had wit to deuise such a tricke,
Then if he had profited me twice so much.

Ram. He euer had the name of mad *Iacke Gresham*.

Gresh. He's the more like his vncle, sir *Thomas Ramsy*,
VVhen I was young I do remember well,
I was as very a Knaue as he is now.
Sirra, bring *Thin-beard* hither to me: and sir *Thomas Ramsie*,

Your

Your hundred pound Ile see you payd my selfe:
Ha, Ha, mad *Iacke*, grammercy for this slight,
This hundred pounds makes me thy Vncle right. *Exe.*

Enter Iohn Tawny-coate.

Taw. I sure tis in this Lane, I turned on the right hand coming from the Stockes, nay, though there was master careleſse, man careleſse, and all careleſse, ile ſtill be honeſt *Iohn*, and ſcorne to take any mans ware but, ile pay them for it: I warrant they thinke me an arrant Knaue, for going away and not paying, and in my Conſcience the maſter cudgeld the men, and the men the Maſter, and all about me, when as I ſweare, I did it innocently. But ſure this is the Lane, there's the Wind-mill, there's the Dogs head in the pot, and here's the Fryer whipping the Nunnes tayle: tis hereabout ſure.

Enter in the ſhop two of Hobſons folkes, and opening the Shop.

1. Come fellow *Cracke*, haue you ſorted vp thoſe wares?
Mark't them with 54. they muſt be packt vp.

2. I haue don't an houre agoe: haue you ſeal'd vp
My maſters Letter to his Factor *Iohn Greſham*?
It is at *Deepe* in *France* to ſend him matches
For he muſt vſe them at *Briſtow* Faire.

1. I, and the Poſte receiued it two houres ſince.

Taw. Sure it is hereabout, the Kennell was on my right hand, and I thinke in my Conſcience I ſhall neuer haue grace and good lucke, if I doe not pay it. S'foote looke here, looke here, I know this is the ſhop by that ſame ſtretch-halter: O my maſters, by your leaue good fellowes.

1. You are welcome ſir, you are welcome.

Taw. Indeede that's the common ſaying about *London*, if men bring money with them.

2. O ſir, money Cuſtomers to vs are beſt welcome.

Taw. You ſay well: ſo they ſhould be: come, turne o're your bookes, I am come to pay this ſame ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money: what might wee call your name?

Taw. Why my name is *Iohn Goodfellow*, I hope I am not aſhamed of my name.

1. Your kinne are the more beholding vnto you. Fellow *Crack*, turne o'er the Kalender, and looke for *Iohn Good-fellow*.

2. What comes it to?

Taw. Ten pound.

1. You will haue no more wares with you, will you sir?

Taw. Nay prethee not too fast, let's pay for the old before we talke of any new.

2. *Iohn Good-fellow*, fellow *Nimble-chaps*, here's no such name in all our booke.

1. I thinke thou art mop-ey'd this morning, giue me the booke, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: when had you your ware?

Taw. I had it some ten dayes agoe.

1. Your name's *Iohn Good-fellow* you say. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. You doe not come to mocke vs doe you? Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. By this hand if I thought you did, I would knock you about the eares afore wee parted. Fellow *Cracke*, get me a cudgell ready. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. Sfoot, here's no such name in all our Booke. Doe you here fellow, are you drunke this morning, to make vs looke for moone-shine in the water.

Taw. Fut, art not thou drunke this morning, canst not receiue the money that's due to thee? I tell thee I had ten pounds worth of ware here.

1. And I tell thee *Iohn Good-fellow*, here's no such name in our Booke, nor no such ware deliuered.

Taw. Sprecious there's a ieft indeed, so a man may be sworne out of himselfe, had not I ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No goodman goose that you had not.

Taw. Heyda, here's excellent fellowes, are able to make their Master's hayre grow through his hood in a moneth: they cannot onely carelesly deliuer away his ware, but also they will not take money for it when it comes.

1. Doe you here Hoyden, and my Master were not in the next roome, I'de knocke you about th' eares for playing the knaue with vs, ere you parted.

Taw. I thinke your Master had more need (if he look't well about him) to knock you for playing the Iackes with him. There's your ten pounds, tell it out with a wanion, and take it for your paines.

1. Fut, here's a mad ſlaue indeed will giue vs ten pound in ſpight of our teeths.

2. Fellow *Nimble-chaps*, alas, let the poore fellow alone, it appeares the poore fellow is beſides himſelfe.

Taw. Maſſe, I thinke you will ſooner make your Maſter ſtarke mad, if you play thus with euery body.

Enter old Hobſon.

Hob. Heyda, bones-a-me, here's lazy knaues. Paſt eight a clocke, and neither ware ſorted, Nor ſhop ſwept.

Taw. Good morrow to you ſir, haue you any more ſtomacke to receiue money then your meſſ haue this morning?

Hob. Money is welcome chaffer, welcome good friend, welcome good friend.

Taw. Here's monſeur miſpart your man, ſcornes to receiue it.

Hob. How knaues, ſcorne to receiue my money. Bones-a-me, growne proud, proud knaues, proud.

1. I hope wee know ſir, you doe not vſe to bring vp your ſeruants to receiue money vnleſſe it be due vnto you.

Hob. No, bones-a-me knaues, not for a million. Friend, come to pay me money, for what, for what, For what come you to pay me money?

Taw. Why ſir, for ware I had ſome moneth agoe, Being pins, points, and laces, Poting-ſticks for young wiues, for young wenches-glaſſes, Ware of all ſorts, which I bore at my backe, To ſell where I come, with what doe you lacke, What doe you lacke, what doe you lacke?

Hob. Bones-a-mee, a merry knaue: what's thy name?

Taw. My name ſir is *Iohn Good-fellow*, An honeſt poore pedler of *Kent*.

Hob. And had ten pound in ware of me a moneth agoe, Bones giue me the booke. *John Good-fellow* of *Kent*.

Taw. O ſir, *nominne & natura*, by name and nature, I am as well knowne for a good fellow in *Kent*, As your City Sumner's knowne for a knaue. Come ſir, will you be telling?

Hob. Tell mee no tellings, bones-a-me here's no ſuch matter.

Away

Away knaue, away, thou owest me none, out of my doores.

Taw. How, owe you none say you! this is but a tricke to try my honesty now.

Hob. There's a groat, goe drinke a pint of Sacke,
Comfort thy selfe, thou art not well in thy wits;
Heauen forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

Taw. Dickens, here's a iest indeed, master mad, men mad, and all mad, here's a mad houshold: doe you heare M. *Hobson*, I doe not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to spend it, yet you shall know I am *Iohn*, honest *Iohn*, and will not be out-fac't of my honesty, here I had ten pounds worth of ware, and I will pay for it.

Hob. *Nimble-chaps*, call for helpe *Nimble-chaps*,
Bones-a-me, the man begins to raue.

2. Maister, I haue found out one *Iohn Tawny-coat*,
Had ten pounds worth of ware a moneth agoe.

Taw. Why that's I, that's I, I was *Iohn Tawny-coat* then,
Though I am *Iohn Gray-coat* now.

Hob. *Iohn Tawny-coat*! welcome *Iohn Tawny-coat*.

Taw. Foot doe you thinke I'le be outfac'd of my honesty?

Hob. A stoole for *Iohn Tawny-coat*, welcome *Iohn Tawny-coat*
Honest *Iohn Tawny-coat*, we'come *Iohn Tawny-coat*.

Taw. Nay I'le assure you, we were honest al the generation of vs,
There 'tis to a Doit I warrant you, you neede not tell it after mee,
Foot doe you thinke I'le be outfac't of mine honesty?

Hob. Thou art honest *Iohn*, honest *Iohn Tawny-coat*.
Hauing so honestly paid for this,
Sort vp his packe streight worth twenty pound,
Ile trust the honest *Iohn*, *Hobson* will trust thee:
And any time the ware that thou dost lacke,
Money, or money not, Ile stuffe thy packe.

Taw. I thanke you Master *Hobson*, and this is the fruit of honesty,

Enter a Pursuant.

Purs. By your leaue M. *Hobson*. I bring this fauour to you,
My royall Mistresse, Queene *Elizabeth*,
Hath lent to borrow a hundred pound of you. (*Hobson!*

Hob. How, bones a me Queene know *Hobson*, Queene know

And

And ſend but for one hundred pound. Friend come in,
Come in friend, ſhal haue two, Queen ſhall haue two;
If Queene know *Hobſon* once, her *Hobſons* purſe
Muſt be free for her, ſhe is *Englands* Nurſe:
Come in good friend, ha Queene know *Hobſon*.
Nay come in *Iohn*, we'le dine together too.

Taw. Make vp my packe, and ile along from you
Singing merrily on the way,
Points, Pins, Gloues, and Purſes,
Poting-ſtickes, and blacke ieat-rings,
Cambrickes, Lawnes, and pretty things.
Come maides and buy, my backe doth cracke,
I haue all that you want, what doe you lacke,
VVhat doe you lacke? *Exeunt.*

Enter Greſham *and Sword-bearer.*

Greſh. Our Cities Sword-bearer, and my good friend
VVhat, haue our honourable Court of Aldermen
Determin'd yet, ſhall *Greſham* haue a place
To erect this worthy building to his Name,
May make the City ſpeake of him for euer.

Sword. They are in earneſt Counſell ſir about it.

Greſh. Be you my Agent too and fro to them,
I know your place, and will be thankfull to you:
Tell them I wait here in the Maiors Court:
Beneath in the Sheriffes Court my worke-men waite,
In number full an hundred, my Frame is ready,
All onely ſtay their pleaſure, then out of hand
Vp goes my worke, a credit to the Land.

Sword. I ſhall be dutifull in your requeſt. *Exit.*

Greſh. Do, good M. Sword-bearer, now when
This work is rais'd, it ſhalbe in the pleaſure of my life,
To come and meete our Merchants at their houre,
And ſee them in the greateſt ſtorme that is
VValke dry, and in a worke I rais'd for them;
Or fetch a turne with my vpper walke,
VVithin which Square I haue ordered ſhops ſhalbe
Of neate but neceſſarieſt Trades in *London*,
And in the richeſt ſort being garniſht out,

'Twill doe me good to see shops with faire wiues
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands:
Young maides brought vp, young men as prentises,
Some Shall proue Masters and speake in *Greshams* praise,
In *Greshams* worke wee did our fortunes raise.
For I dare say both Country and the Court,
For wares shall be beholding to this worke.

Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Maior and Sheriffes.

Swor. Master *Gresham*,
Thus sends the Lord Maior and Court of Aldermen.
Rams. Or rather come to bring the news our selues,
We haue determin'd of a place for you
In Corn-hill, the delightfull of this City,
Where you shall raise your Frame. The City at their charge
Hath bought the houses and the ground,
And paid for both three thousand fiue hundred three and twenty pound,
Order is giuen the houses shall be sold,
To any man will buy them and remoue them.
Sher. Which is already done, being fourscore households,
Were sold at foure hundred threescore and eighteene pounds.
The plot is also plained at the Cities charges,
And we in name of the whole Citizens,
Doe come to giue you full possession
Of this our purpose whereon to build a Burse,
A place for merchants to assemble in,
At your owne charges.
Gresh. Master Shrife Ile doo't, and what I spend therein,
I scorne to lose day, neglect is a sinne.
Where be my workmen? *Enter Workmen.*
Work. Here, here, with trowell and tooles ready at hand.
Gresh. Come fellowes come: *Enter D.* Nowel, *&* Hobs.
We haue a Frame made, and we haue roome
To raise it. But M. D. *Nowel*, and M. *Hobson*,
We haue your presence in a happy time,
This seuenth of *June* we the first stone will lay
Of our new Burse. Giue vs some brickes.
Here's a bricke. Here's a faire Soueraigne,

Thus I beginne, be it hereafter told
I laid the first stone with a piece of Gold.
Hee that loues *Gresham* follow him in this,
The gold we lay due to the workmen is.
Work. Heauen blesse M. *Gresham*, Heauen blesse M. *Gresham*,
Ramf. The Maior of *London* (M. *Gresham*) followes you,
Vnto your first this second I doe fit
And lay this piece of Gold a top of it.
Sher. So doe the Sheriffes of *London* after you.
Hob. And bones-a-me, old *Hobson* will be one,
Here fellowes, there's my gold giue me a stone.
Work. Heauen forbid, a man of your credit should want stones.
D. Now. Is this the plot sir of your worke in hand?
Gresh. The whole plot both of forme and fashion.
D. Now. In sooth it will be a goodly edifice,
Much Art appeares in it: in all my time
I haue not seene a worke of this neat forme:
What is this vaultage for, is fashioned here?
Gresh. Stowage for Merchants ware and strangers goods,
As either by exchange or other wayes are vendible.
D. Now. Here's a middle-round, and a faire space,
The round is greater, and the space
Seemes open: your conceit for that?
Gresh. The grates giue light vnto the Cellerage,
Vpon the which Ile haue my friends to walke,
When heauen giues comfortable raine vnto the earth:
For that I will haue couered. *D. Now.* So it appeares.
Gresh. This space that hides not heauen from vs,
Shall be so still, my reason is,
There's Summers heat as well as Winters cold:
And I allow, and here's my reason for't,
'Tis better to be bleakt by winters breath,
Then to be stifled vp with Summers heat:
In cold weather walke dry, and thicke together,
And euery honest man warme one another:
In Summer then when too much heate offends,
Take ayre a-gods-name, Merchants or my friends.
D. Now. And what of this part that is ouer head?

Gresh. M. Deane in this:
There is more ware then in all the reſt,
Here like a pariſh for good Citizens
And their fayre wiues to dwell in, Ile haue ſhops
Where euery day they ſhall become themſelues
In neat attire, that when our Courtiers
Shall come in traines to trace old *Greſhams* Burſe,
They ſhall haue ſuch a girdle of chaſte eyes,
And ſuch a globe of beauty round about,
Ladies ſhall bluſh to turne their vizards off,
And Courtiers ſweare they ly'd when they did ſcoffe.

D. Now. Kind *M. Greſham*, this ſame worke of yours
Will be a Tombe for you after your death,
A benefit to Tradeſmen, and a place,
Where Merchants meet their trafficke to maintaine,
Where neyther cold ſhall hurt them, heat nor raine.

Gresh. O Maſter *Nowell*, I did not forget
The troubleſome ſtorme we had in Lumber-ſtreet,
That time Sir *Thomas* and I were aduerſaries,
And you and Maſter *Hobſon* made vs friends.
I then did ſay, and now Ile keepe my word,
I ſaw a want and I would helpe afford.
Nor is my promiſe giuen you, when you ſhew'd
That ranke of charitable men to vs,
That I would follow their good actions
Forgot with me, but that before I dye,
The world ſhall ſee Ile leaue like memory. *A blazing ſtarre.*

Hob. I pray my Lord, haue you beheld the like?
Looke how it ſtreakes, what doe you thinke of it?

Shir. 'Tis a ſtrange Comet M. *Hobſon*.
My time to my remembrance hath not ſeene
A ſight ſo wonderfull. Maſter Doctor *Nowell*,
To iudge of theſe things, your experience
Exceedeth ours, what doe you hold of it?
For I haue heard that Meteors in the ayre
Of leſſer forme, leſſe wonderfull then this,
Rather fore-tell of dangers imminent,
Then flatter vs with future happineſſe.

D.Now. Art may discourse of these things, none can iudge
Directly of Heauen in this.
And by discourse thus farre I hold of it:
That this strange starre appearing in the North,
And in the Constellation of *Cassiopey*,
Which with three fixed starres commixt to it,
Doth make a Figure Geometricall
Lozenge-wise call'd of the learned *Rombus*,
Conducted with the hourely Moone of Heauen,
And neuer alterd from the fixed Sphere,
Fore-tels such alteration, that my friends,
Heauen grant with this first sight our sorrow ends.

Hob. Heauens will be done Master Deane, hap what hap will,
Death doth not feare the good man but the ill.

Gresh. Well said Master *Hobson*,
Let's line to day, that if death come to morrow,
Hee's rather messenger of ioy then sorrow. *Enter a Fatter.*
Now sir, what newes from *Barbary*?

Fatt. Vnwelcome newes sir, the King of *Barbary* is slaine.

Gresh. Ha, slaine! by Treason or by Warre?

Fatt. By warre, in that renowned battell,
Swift Fame desires to carry through the world,
The battell of *Alcasar*, wherein two Kings
Besides the King of *Barbary* was slaine,
King of *Moroco*, and of *Portugall*,
With *Stewkeley* that renowned English-man,
That had a spirit equall with a King,
Made fellow with these Kings in warlike strife,
Honour'd his Country and concluded life.

Gresh. Cold newes birlady. The venture Gentlemen
Of threescore thousand pound with that dead King,
Lyes in a hazard to be wonne or lost:
In what estate consists the Kingdome now?

Fatt. In peace, and the succeeding happy heyre,
Was crown'd then King when I tooke ship from thence.

Gresh. To that King then be messenger from vs,
And by the sound of Trumpet summon him,
Say that thy Master, and a *London* Merchant,

Craues due performance of ſuch Couenants
Confirm'd by the late King vnto our ſelfe,
That for the ſumme of threeſcore thouſand pound,
The trafficke of his Sugars ſhould be mine.
If he refuſe the former bargaine made,
Then freely claime our money that we lent:
Say that our coyne did ſtead the former King,
If he be kinde we haue as much for him.

Hob. Bones of me, it was a dangerous day,
Three Kings beſide young *Stewkeley* ſlaine:
Ile tell you my Lord Maior what I haue ſeene,
When ſword and bucklers were in queſtion,
I haue ſeene that *Stewkeley* beate a ſtreet before him.
He was ſo familiar growne in euery mouth,
That if it hapned any fighting were,
The queſtion ſtraight was, was not *Stewkeley* there.
Bones-a-me he would hew it. Now what newes with you?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here's a Letter ſent you from *Iohn Greſham.*

Hob. O an anſwer of a Letter that I ſent,
To ſend me matches againſt *Briſtow*-faire,
If then any were come.

Boy. I cannot tell ſir well what to call it, but in ſtead of matches of ware, when you read your Letter, I beleeue you wil find your Factor hath match you.

Hob. What's here, what's here? *Reade the Letter.*

As neare as I could gheſſe at your meaning, I haue laboured to furniſh you, and haue ſent you two thouſand pounds worth of Match.

How, bones knaue, two thouſand pounds worth of Match!

Boy. Faith Maſter, neuer chafeat it, for if you cannot put it away for Match, it may be the hang-man will buy ſome of it for halters

Hob. Bones-a-me, I ſent for matches of ware, fellowes of ware.

Boy. And match being a kinde of ware, I thinke your Factor hath matcht you.

Hob. The blazing Starre did not appeare for nothing.
I ſent to be ſorted with matches of ware.

And he hath ſent me nought but a commodity of Match,
And in a time when there's no vent for it.
What doe you thinke on't Gentlemen?
I little thought *Iacke* would haue ſeru'd me ſo.
Greſh. Nay Mr. *Hobſon* grieue not at *Iackes* croſſe,
My doubt is more and yet I laugh at loſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* You haue trauel'd ſir, how do you like this Building?
Truſt me, it is the goodlieſt thing that I haue ſeene,
England affoords none ſuch.
2 *Lord.* Nor Chriſtendome I
I might ſay all the world has not his fellow.
I haue beene in Turkies great Conſtantinople,
The Merchants there meete in a goodly Temple,
But haue no common Burſe: in Rome, but Rome's
Built after the manner of Frankford and Embden:
There where the greateſt Marts and meeting places
Of Merchants are, haue ſtreetes and pent-houſe,
And as I might compare them to themſelues,
Like Lumber-ſtreet before this Burſe was built.

Enter Sir Thomas Ramſie.

1 *Lord.* I haue ſeene the like in Briſtow.
Ram. Good morrow to your Honours.
2 *Lord.* Thankes to my good Lord Maior.
We are gazing here on Mr. *Greſhams* worke.
Ram. I thinke you haue not ſeene a goodlier frame.
2 *Lord.* Not in my life, yet I haue beene in Venice,
In the Realto there called Saint *Markes*,
Tis but a bable, if compar'd to this:
The neareſt that which moſt reſembles it,
Is the great Burſe in *Antwerpe*, yet not comparable
Eyther in height or wideneſſe: the fayre Cellerage,
Or goodly ſhops abone: O my Lord Maior,
This *Greſham* hath much grac'd your Citty London
His fame will long out-liue him.
1 *Lord.* It is reported you ſir *Thomas Ramſie*,
Are as rich as he: this ſhould incite you
To ſuch noble workes, to eternize you.

Ram.

Ramf. Your Lordſhip pleaſes to be pleaſant with me,
I am the meaneſt of a many men
In this faire Citty. Maiſter *Greſhams* fame
Drawes me as a Spectator amongſt others,
To ſee his coſt, but not compare with it.
1 *Lo.* And it is coſt indeede.
2 *Lo.* But when to fit theſe empty roomes about here
The pictures graued of the Engliſh Kings
Shall beſet ouer, and in order plac'd,
How glorious will it then be?
1 *Lord.* Very admirable, and worthy of praiſe.
Ramf. Theſe very pictures will ſurmount my wealth.
1 *Lord.* But how will M. *Greſham* name this place?
2 *Lord.* I heard my Lord of *Leceſter* to the Queene
Highly commend this worke, and ſhe then promiſt
To come in perſon, and here Chriſten it,
It cannot haue a better God-mother.
This *Greſham* is a Royall Cittizen.
Ramf. He feaſts this day the Ruſſian Ambaſſadour,
I am a bidden Gueſt,
Where if it pleaſe you———
1 *Lord.* Good ſir *Thomas*
We know what you would ſay, we are his Gueſts
Inuited too: Yet in our way wee tooke
This wonder worth our paynes, it is our way
To Biſhops-Gate to Maiſter *Greſhams* houſe,
Thither to pleaſe you, we'll aſſociate you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Greſham *leading in the Ambaſſador, Muſicke, and a Banquet ſerued in: the Ambaſſador's ſet.*
Enter Sir Thomas Ramſie, *the two Lords, my Lady* Ramſie, *the Waits in Sargeants gownes, with one interpreter.*

Greſh. Lords all at once welcome, welcome at once,
You come to my new Buildings vp-ſitting,
It hath beene long in labour, now deliuer'd,
And vp, anon we'll haue a health to it.
This Ruſſian Prince, the Emperours Ambaſſadour

Doth

Doth not our Language vnderſtand: Interpreter,
Say that we bid him welcome.

Inter. The Prince ſpeakes Latine,
And in that language we'll interpret for him:
Salutem tibi optat & aduentum tuum graiſſimus
iſte Londinenſis.

Amb. *Iſtum libens audio, agas illi meo nomine*
Ex animo gratias, fundè quod bibamus.

Inter. He gladly thankes you for his royall welcome,
And drinkes to you.

Greſh. We vnderſtand that ſigne.
Come, let our full crown'd cups ore-flow with wine,
Welcome againe faire Lords.

2. *Lord.* Thankes M. *Greſham.*
Wee haue beene viewing of your workes.

Greſh. My Burſe, how doe you like it Lords?
It is a pretty bable.

2. *Lord.* 'Tis a faire worke.
Her Maieſty intends to name the place.

Greſh. Shee doth her Seruant *Greſham* too much grace.
It will be pretty when my pictures come,
To fill thoſe empty roomes, if that hold,
That ſhips fraught is worth her waight in gold.

1. *Lord.* It will be rare and famous.

Greſh. VVhat was it that the Ruſſian whiſpered?

Inter. He askt me what Interpreter the Queene
VVould in his Embaſſie employ.

Greſh. None, tell him none.
For though a woman, ſhe is a rare Linguiſt,
VVhere other Princes vſe Interpreters,
She *propria voce*, I haue ſome Latine too;
She of her ſelfe heares all their Embaſſies,
And her ſelfe anſwers them without Interpreter.
Both Spaniſh, Latine, French, and Greeke,
Dutch, and Italian, ſo let him know:
My Lord of *Leceſter* ſent me word laſt night,
And I am prouder on't then on my building,
The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,

The seuerall Ambassadors there will heare,
And them in person answer. 2. *Lord.* Tis most true.

Enter a Gentleman whispering to sir Thomas Ramsie.

Gresh. The Russian with the French.
What would that Gentleman sir *Thomas*?

Ram. He is a Marchant, and a Ieweller:
Mongst other stones, he saith he hath a Pearle,
Orient aud round, weighing so many carets
That it can scarse be valued, the French King,
And many other Dukes haue for the riches
And price refused to buy it: now he comes
To offer it to this Ambassador.

Gresh. Shew him the Pearle Interpreter:
The Lord Ambassador.

Inter. *Mercator quidam & aurifex spectandum tibi profert Gemmam domine serenissime.*

Amb. *Et pulchra & principe digna, interroga quanti iudicat?*

Inter. He commends it to be both rich and faire,
And desires to know how you value it.

Mer. My price sir, is fifteene hundred pound.

Amb. *Quanti valet?* Inter. *Mille quingentis minis.*

Amb. *Non, non nimis pereara est ista Gemma.*

Inter. He saith it is too deare, he will not buy it.

Gresh. I will peruse your Pearle, is that your price?

Mer. I cannot bate one crowne and gaine by it.

Enter a Mariner.

Gresh. We'll not be accessary to your losse,
And yet considring all things some may thinke vs
To be but bare of treasure at this time,
Hauing disburst so much about our workes,
Yet if our ships and trade in *Barbary*
Hold currant we are well: what newes from Sea;
How stands my ships?

Mar. Your ships inwhich all the Kings pictures were,
From *Brute* vnto our Queene *Elizabeth*,
Drawne in white marble, by a storme at Sea
Is wrack't and lost.

Gresh. The losse I weigh not this:

Only

Onely it griues me that my famous building
Shall want so rich and faire an ornament.

L. Ram. It touches all the City for those pictures
Had doubly grac'd this royall edifice.

Ram. Me thinkes the ships losse most should trouble you.

Gresh. My ship's but wealth, why we haue wealth;
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse,
So I might them in their true forme behold,
I car'd not to haue lost their weights in gold.

Enter a Factor.

1. *Lord.* A noble Citizen.

Gresh. Our Factor, what good newes from *Barbary*?
What sayes the King, speake didst thou summon him?
Or hast thou brought my threescore thousand pound?
Or shall I haue the Sugars at that rate?
If so, new marble pictures we'll haue wrought,
And in a new ship from beyond sea brought.

Fact. The King that in the regall chaire succeeds
The King late dead, I summon'd, and demanded
Either your money tendred, or the Sugars
After the rate propos'd, he denied both:
Alleaging though he was successiue heire,
He was not therefore either tide to pay
The late Kings debts, nor yet to stand vnto
Vnnecessary bargaines: notwithstanding
To gratifie your loue, the King hath sent you
As presents, not as satisfaction,
A costly dagger, and a paire of slippers,
And there's all for your threescore thousand pound.

Gresh. Birlady a deare bargaine.

1. *Lord.* I feare me this will plunge him, a strange crosse,
How will he take this newes, losse vpon losse.

2. *Lord.* Nay, will it not vndoe him, doth he not wish
His buildings in his purse?

Gresh. A dagger, that's well,
A paire of slippers come vndoe my shoes:
What 60. thousand pound in sterling money,
And payd me all in slippers, then Hoboyes play,
On slippers Ile dance all my care away:

Fit, fit, he had the iust length of my foot.
You may report Lords when you come to Court,
You *Gresham* saw a paire of slippers weare,
Cost thirty thousand pound.
1. *Lo.* Somewhat too deare.
Gresh. Nor yet for all this treasure we haue left,
Repents it vs one penny of our cost.
2. *Lo.* As royall in his vertues as his buildings.
Ram. These losses would haue kild me.
Gresh. Ieweller,
Let's see thy Pearle: goe pound it in a morter,
Beate it to powder, then returne it me:
VVhat Dukes and Lords, and these Ambassadors,
Haue euen before our face refus'd to purchase,
As of too high a price to venture on,
Gresham a *London* Merchant, here will buy.
What, is it broken small? fill vs some wine.
Fuller, yet fuller, till the brim o're-flowes,
Here 16000. pound at one clap goes,
In stead of Sugar. *Gresham* drinkes this Pearle
Vnto his Queene and Mistresse: pledge it Lords,
Who euer saw a Merchant brauelier fraught,
In dearer slippers, or a richer draught?
Ram. You are an honour to all English Merchants,
As bountifull as rich, and charitable.
Gresh. I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth.
Rather to shew how I esteeme that losse
Which cannot be regain'd. A *London* Merchant *Meaning the*
Thus treads on a Kings present. Ieweller, *slippers.*
My Factor shall deliuer you the money.
And Lords so please you but to see my Schoole
Of the seuen learned liberall Sciences,
Which I haue founded here neere Bishops-gate.
I will conduct you. I will make it Lords
An Vniuersity within it selfe,
And giu't from my reuenewes maintenance.
W'are not like those that are not liberall
Till they be dying; what we means to giue,

We

We will bestow, and see done whilst we liue.
Attendance, come, th'Ambassador, guests, all,
Your welcome's great, albeit your cheere's but small.

Exeunt.

Enter Tawny-coat *with a Spade.*

Taw. Hard world, when men dig liuing out of stones,
As wretched miserable I am enforst:
And yet there liues more pitty in the earth,
Then in the flinty bosomes of her children;
For she's content to haue her aged brest
Mangled with Mattockes, rent and torne with spades
To giue her children and their children bread,
When man more flinty then her stony ribs
That was their mother, neither by intreats,
Teares nor complaints, will yeeld them sustenance,
But 'tis our ages fault; the mightier
Teare liuing out of vs, we out of her.

Enter Hobson *in his gowne and slippers.*

Hob. Mother a me, what a thicke mist is here?
I walked abroad to take the mornings ayre,
And I am out of knowledge; bones a me,
What Meads, and what inclosure haue we here?
How now old *Hobson*, doat in thine old age?
A foole at threescore, whither wilt thou wit?
I crost the water in my gowne and slippers.
To see my rents and buildings of the Banke-side,
And I am slipt cleane out of ken, forsooth,
A wooll-gathering.

Taw. Either mine eare's deceiued,
Or I should know that tongue: 'tis so indeed,
Each word he speakes makes my torn heart to bleed.

Hob. Ha, ha, I smile at my owne foolery,
Now I remember mine old Grandmother
Would talke of Fayries and Hobgoblins,
That would lead milke-maids ouer hedge and ditch,
Make them milke their neighbours kine,
And tenne to one this Robin-Goodfellow *Tawny-coat digs.*
Hath

Hath led mee vp and downe the mad-mans maze.
I heare some company, for shame all whist,
Sit thee downe *Hobson* a right man in the mist.
Taw. 'Tis he alas: when the rough hand of want
Hath cast vs downe, it loads vs with mishaps:
I broke my day with him, O had that fatall houre
Broken my heart: and Villaine that I was,
Neuer so much as write in my excuse,
And he for that default hath sew'd my bill,
And with an execution is come downe,
To seaze my household-stuffe, imprison me,
And turne my wife and children out of doores.
VVhat, shall I fly him? no, hee's pittifull:
Then with my teares I will importune him.
Heauen saue you M. *Hobson*.
Hob. *Hobson*, bones-a-me,
What voice is that? art thou a man, a friend?
Tell mee if thou beest that VVill of the wispe,
That leadst mee this wilde Morice? I coniure thee
To leaue mee to my selfe.
Taw. O Master *Hobson*,
As euer you haue beene a poore mans friend,
Continue still so, insult not o'er my fortunes.
Hob. I am in the mist, what art thou, speake?
Taw. A debter of your worships.
Hob. A debter of mine! mother-of-me thou lyest,
I know thee not, nor dost I know this place:
If thou owest me any thing, pay me with thy loue,
And if thou beest acquainted in these woods,
Conduct me to some Towne, or direct road
That leads to *London*, and Ile here discharge thee
Of debts and duties, and beside impart
Somewhat to cherish thee.
Taw. VVhat should I thinke?
He knowes me, and for feare I should scape him,
He would intice me to the Officers.
O master *Hobson*, though not for mine owne,
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens sakes,

If

If your intent be to impriſon me,
Vpon my knees I doe intreat you ſpare me.
The goods you truſted me withall, I haue not waſted
In ryot and exceſſe, but my kind heart,
Seeing my helpleſſe neighbours in diſtreſſe,
By reaſon of the long and dearth,
Some I releeued, ſome truſted me with my goods,
Whoſe pouerty's not able to repay.
Then beare with me a little, your rich ſtore
Hath ſau'd my life, and fed an hundred more.

Hob. Now bones-a-me, another *Tawny-coat*
What's thy name Knaue?

Taw. *Iohn Rowland* ſir.

Hob. Bones-a-me,
I thought as much, art not thou *Tawny-coat*?

Taw. I am the man whom you call'd *Tawnycoat*.

Hob. And I the *Hobſon* that will pitty thee:
Now bones a me, what mak'ſt thou with a ſpade?

Taw. This ſpade alas, 'tis all the wealth I haue,
When my poore wife and children cry for bread,
They ſtill muſt cry till theſe haue purchaſt it:
They muſt goe naked till theſe hardned hands,
When the cold breath of winter ſtrikes on them,
Till theſe haue earned it.

Hob. Now alas good ſoule,
It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes,
Could weepe for company. VVhat earn'ſt a day?

Taw. Little, Heauen knowes,
Though I be ſtirring earlier then the Larke,
And at my labour later then the Lambe,
Towards my wife and childrens maintenance,
I ſcarcely earne my three-pence by the day.

Hob. Alas, the while, poore ſoules I pitty them,
And in thy words, as in a looking-glaſſe,
I ſee the toyle and trauell of the Countrey,
And quiet gaine of Cities bleſſedneſſe.
Heauens will for all, and ſhould we not reſpect it
VVe are vnworthy life. But bones-a-me,

Doſt

Dost thinke pay me twenty pound
And keepe thy charge earning a groat a day?
Taw. If Heauen blesse my labours I hope I shall,
I haue this quarter by exceeding thrift,
Bare clothing, and spare dyet, scrap'd together
Fiue shillings in a purse, which I lay vp
Towards your worships debt.
Hob. Giue it me, somewhat hath some sauour,
And yet shall I spend that which the poore labourer got?
Heauen no, forbid: old *Hobson* ne'er will eate,
Rather then surfet vpon poore mens sweat.
Take it againe and buy thy children bread.
But soft, the mist doth breake, what towne is this?
Taw. Detford an't like your worship.

Enter Timothy.

Hob. Bones-a-mee, to Detford came I to doe charity.
I see 'twas? Heauens appointment:
But who comes here? Bones-a-me honest *Tim*!
Twas said in London you were bound for France,
And I determin'd to haue writ to you.
Tim. By yea and nay, M. *Hobson* tis no vntruth. I was bound for France, landed in France, dispatcht some secret businesse for a sister in France, and from her haue french tokens to deliuer to the sisterhood, whome I shall first encounter in England.
Hob. Boens-a-me *Tim*, so speedy in your iourney,
It seemes your businesse was of much import.
Mim. Verily it was, and it stood chiefly betweene two women, and as you know, women lone to haue their businesse dispatcht,
Hob. Mother-a me *Tim*, I am glad of it.
But how does my Factor *Iohn Gresham* in France?
Tim. Your granity may better consider of that then I can discourse, but withall I pray you thinke he is a wilde youth: there are Tauernes in France, yet I doe not thinke *Iohn Gresham* is giuen to frequent them, & yet I must remember you, he is a youth, and youth may be drawne to expences. *England's* on this side, France on that, the Sea's betwixt him and his Master, but I doe not speake what I thinke, and yet I thinke more at this time then I meane to speake.

Hob

Hob. Mother-a-me, leaue off these Parables,
And tell me plainly, is he not a wencher?

Tim. By yea and by nay sir, without Parable, I am no teltale, I haue seene him in company with Madona such a one, or such a one, it becomes not flesh and bloud to reueale: your worship knowes hee is in France, the Sea betwixt him and you, and what a young youth in that case is prone vnto: your grauity is wise, (Ile not say so much?) I saw him drinking with a French Lady or Lasse in a Tauerne, but if I had, it had beene lesse, then perhaps you imagine in such a wild youth no question hee does deserue something. *Hob.* Mother-a-mercis so, In a French Tauerne
Kissing the Lady, and the Sea betwixt vs:
I am for you M. *John*: thus in my gowne and slippers,
And night-cap and gowne, Ile step ouer to France.
Here *Tawnicoat*, receiue thou my seal'd ring,
Beare it to my Factor, bid him by that token
Sort thee out forty pounds worth of such wares
As thou shalt thinke most beneficiall:
Thou art a free-man, vp with thy trade agen,
Ile raise thee *Rouland*, if Heauen say Amen.

Taw. I know not how. *Hob.* Tut bones-a-me man peace, *Hobson* will doe't: thou owest me but twenty pound,
Ile venture forty more: *Timothy* here shall be thy
Witnesse to my Factor in this businesse.
To all our friends in London say I am gone
Ouer to France. I am for you M. *John*.

Enter John and Curtezan.

Curtez. Sweet youth thou art two young, and yet scarse ripe to tast the sweetenesse of my mellowed loue.

John. That's the reason I set thy teeth on edge this, but thou knowst I promist to haue a bout with thee at our last parley, and I am come to performe my word: name the weapon.

Curtez. Nothing but kisses and enticing lookes.

John. Then ward your lips well, or you'll ha the venney.

Curtez. I haue no ward but this: my tender sex
Haue not the manly skill to breake a thrust:
O how I dote on thee! I haue tride ere now
The sweaty Spaniard, and late carowsing Dane,

The foggy Dutch-man, and the fiery French,
The briske Italian, and indeede what not:
And yet of all and all, the Englishman
Shall goe for mee: I, you are the truest Louers,
The ableſt, laſt night, and the trueſt men
That breath beneath the Sunne.

Iohn. Why then the Engliſhman for thy money, well my little rogue, there's no loue loſt Ile aſſure thee, I am my maſters Factor, and thou haſt a commodity that I muſt needes take vp, and not enter't into his Caſh-booke neither. Little thinkes my maſter in England, what ware I deale withall here in *France*: but ſince tis offer'd mee at the beſt hand, Ile venture on't though I bee a looſer by the bargaine.

Curt. I would bee priuate, leſt the tel-tale ayre
Whiſper our loue, I prethee let vs in
To the inner chamber, I am iealous
Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee,
I would haue none to ſee thee but my ſelfe:
In amorous armes to fold thee but my ſelfe:
To aſſociate, talke, diſcourſe, or dally with thee,
Clip, graſpe hands, or kiſſe thee, but my ſelfe.

Iohn. Who would not be a Marchant venturer, and lay out for ſuch a faire returne? I ſhall venture the doubling of my yeares preſently: I thinke I haue met with a better commodity then Matches, and my maſter cannot ſay but he hath met with his match: this tis to haue the land & the ſea betwixt me and my maſter, here can I keepe my *French* reuels, and none ſay ſo much as black is mine eye. Prethee little pinckany beſtow this iewell a me.

Curt. This Iewell's loue: aske my life tis thine:
But this an Engliſh factor whom you know,
Gaue me at his departure out of Rhoane,
And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his ſake,
Any thing but this Iewell.

Iohn. But if I could get his Iewell cleanly, and carry it him uer at my returne for a token, t'were a ieſt worth laughing at: but and thou wilt not giue me this Iewell, prethee giue me this ſame chaine to weare for thy ſake.

Curt. This was another Country-mans of yours,

Hee

He made me sweare to keep't till his returne:
Aske me ought else, 'tis thine. *Iohn.* Why then this Ring.
Curt. That you of all the fauours that I weare,
Could find out nothing but this Ring? this Ring;
A toy not worth the giuing: yet I sooner
Would part with life then this: a dying friend
Bequeath'd it at his death. But honey Loue,
What should'st thou talke of giuing, 'tis a word
Worne out of vse, it sounds not well in French,
A man should still say take, take to his wench.
Iohn. Then I say take, take this and this, (still take heed of mee
lest I shew you a slippery tricke for this) 'Tis the kindest wench in
Christendome, but shee'll part with nothing.
Shall we haue another wooing roome?
Curt. What Roome thou pleasest, deare heart, I agree,
Where ere I goe there shall be roome for thee.
Iohn. Any: then I may chance to make you wish rather my
roome then my company, and you looke not the better to't.
They withdraw: Enter at the other end of the Stage
Hobson *in his gowne and slippers.*
Hob. I haue slipt o're into *France*, and in my slippers
Giuen all my friends the slip, to see this gallant
My man, he hath matcht me: bones-a-me,
The knaue's a Prophet, else it could not be.
He, s not at his lodging; yet by an English Factor,
A fellow knowes not me, I was directed
Vnto this house, I'le know what businesse
The knaue hath here. *Pulsat.*
Intrat Puella.
Wench. Who's there? who's at the doore? (mans?
Hob. Damsell, good day, is there not a fellow here, an English-
Wench. Here's an Englishman, but none of your fellow seruing
I hope we are not all fellowes at foot-ball.
Hob. Nay, bones-a-me Girle, there's no reason wee should bee
fellowes: but prethee my wench, is there not one *Iacke Gresham*
here?
Wench. No goodman looke like a Goose, but there's one ma-
ster *Iohn Gresham*, an English Gentleman here, and you know no
manners,

manners, you should be tought some.

Hob. Bones-a-me, goodman master, master seruant,
Old goodman *Hobson* keepes Gentlemen to his men,
Iacke turn'd to M. *Iohn*, matry sir reuerence,
The French maid taught me manners: well, I hope
We shall haue a fight of the Gentleman.

Wensh. As you vse your selfe you may, and you may not.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Iohn Gresham Curtiz.

Iohn. Thou seest this Iewell well becomes mine eare,
This Ring my finger, and this Chaine mine arme.

Curt. Ile be thy Iewell, at thy lips Ile hang,
And as this ring thy finger compasseth,
So shall these armes thy waste: these are but toyes,
Let me displace them. *Intrat puella.*

Wench. M. *Iohn*, here's a fellow below would speake with you.

Iohn. With mee, what is hee?

Wench. A simple Coxecombe, Ile call him vp to you.

Iohn. Doe my sweete Buffamache: some Carrior or base knaue that hangs of my liberality. I hope tis not pure *Tim* come for the second part of my beneuolence.
Admit him that he may praise our fate,
And see vs in our choisest pompe and state.

Wench. Here's the fellow I told you of sir.

Intrat Hobson.

Iohn. Tis my master.

Hob. *Saue amen*: Man *Iohn*, a wenchart knaue, racke and manger knaue: bones-a-me, cannot a snatch and away serue your turne, but you must lie at racke and manger? Is this the ware you deale with, seruant *Iohn*? *Iohn.* Chapmans ware sir.

Hob. Sirra, sirra, the dealing with such ware belongs not to an honest bones a mee knaue, a Prentise must not occupy for himselfe, but for his master,

Iohn. And he cannot occupy for his master, without the consent of his mistris. *Hob.* Come, y'are a knaue.

Iohn. Of your owne bringing vp sir.

Hob. Besides, thou canst not keepe open shop here, because thou art a Spanniard, by the lawes of the Realme.

Iohn.

Iohn. Not within the liberty: but I hope the ſuburbs tolerates any man or woman to deale for themſelues, they may doe't in the City too, and they be naturaliz'd once.

Hob. I but ſirra, Ile haue none of my Engliſh Prentiſes frenchified: bones-a-me knaue, Ile haue thee deale with no ſuch broken commodities.

Iohn. Your worſhip muſt haue ſuch as the Countrey yeelds, or none at all. But I pray ſir, what's our trade?

Hob. What ſayſt thou knaue?

Iohn. That your worſhip is a Haberdaſher of all wares.

Hob. Bones-a-me, a Haberdaſher of all wares.

Iohn. And that's the worſt trade in all Chriſtendome, and eſpecially for French women: if they know a man to be a Haberdaſher of ſmall ware, they'll haue no dealing with him, and therefore and you will haue any good commodities here, you muſt change your copy: you neuer were a traueller, and therefore you know not what belongs to't: but you doe cleane miſtake this Gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench, weigh her in equall ballance, and you ſhall finde her no ſuch woman, on ſuch woman Ile aſſure

Hob. No, what is ſhee then *Iohn*?

Iohn. Fore-mee ſir, I would not haue you wrong the Gentlewomans repute for a world: This *Metreſſa* deales for herſelfe, and hath many ſorts of ware at command, I was now bargaining with her about a certaine Country-Commodity, and had not your comming marr'd the match, wee had gone through for't. And further, ſhould you wrong the Ladies reputation here in *France*, Ile aſſure you they haue the law of their ſides: but to confirme your good opinion of her, this is ſhe of whom I tooke vp your commodity of matches: be ſorry for your offence, and excuſe you to her for ſhame maſter.

Hob. Bones-a-me knaue, I cannot ſpeake a word of French.

Iohn. Nor ſhee of Engliſh, but all's one: vpon her Maſter, and what you cannot doe in words performe in dumbe ſignes,

VVhat in your ſlippers come to take me napping?
Ile giue you what you come for inſtantly,
And on the ſuddaine make you ſo agaſt,
You will be glad to pardon what is paſt. *Exit.*

Hob. Madam, I cry you mercy for this wrong
Done to your Ladiſhip, I did ſuſpect you
For a bad liuer, but I ſee you cleare,
For which miſtake I doe remaine your ſeruant.

Courtez. Gramercy Mounſeur.

Hob. How, would you my gray Mare ſee?
An't like your Ladiſhip, I came by water,
And neyther on Mares backe nor horſe backe.

Courtez. No: no point parla Francoi?

Hob. No indeed Lady, my name is not *Francis*, your ſeruant and *Iohn Hobſon*. *Courtez.* No point?

Hob. No points: yes indeed Lady, I haue points at my hoſe, though I goe vntruſt. *Courtez.* No point parla.

Hob. I haue no points in my parlour indeed, but I haue an hundred pounds worth in my ſhop. *Intrat* Ioh. *cum aliis Fall.*

Iohn. Tuſh, feare not ads, for he knowes none of you,
Doe but buſſe out a little broken French,
And hee'll neuer take you to be Engliſhmen.

Omn. Fall. We'll ſecond the other, but manage it.

Iohn. Be patient I beſeech you Gentlemen,
Though you be Officers appointed here
To ſearch ſuſpected places, as this is
A moſt notorious filthy bawdy houſe,
And carry all old ruſty Fornicators
Aboue the age of fifty vnto priſon,
Yet know, this is an honeſt Gentleman.

Hob. A ſearch, and 'tis a bawdy houſe; why *Iohn*,
Bones-a-me knaue, How comes this to paſſe?

1. *Fall.* Mea ſar man a moy.

Hob. How, muſt you haue money of me? Ile know wherefore firſt by your leaues.

Iohn. Nay Maſter, I would it were but a money matter,
A Cage, or whipping poſt, or ſo 'tis worſe,
What, an old man to chide his prentiſe hence
As if he had ſome priuate buſineſſe,
And then himſelfe get cloſe vnto his wench?
Nay, whipping's all too good. Had you found me ſo,
There had beene worke enough, there had beene newes

For

For *England*, and a whole twelue-moneths chiding
Of my good Vncle. 2. *Fell.* Ie vous stre sau Amist.
Hob. How, must I goe to prison for doing amisse?
Iohn. To prison I may to whipping, I am sorry,
And to my power I will intreat for you. Fie Master, fie.
Hob. Bones-a-me *Iohn*, is not this a Lady.
Iohn. No by my troth Master, such as be in the Garden-alleys, *Ioane*'s as good as this French Lady.
Hob. Is not this Gentlewoman a dealer?
And hath she not a good commodity?
Iohn. Yes by my faith sir, I confesse both.
Hob. Hath shee not ware?
Iohn: She hath, and at a reasonable reckning.
Hob. And may not then a chapman deale with her?
Iohn. Marry may you sir, & Ile send newes to your wife of your
The cause of your comming to *France* shall be knowne (dealing
And what second hand commodities you tooke vp
Since your comming, my Mistris in *England* shall know
What vtterance you haue for your small wares in *France*:
Pen and inke, Ile set it downe in blacke and white.
Hob. Bones-a-me *Iohn*, what *Iohn*? why honest *Iohn*?
Iohn. Harty commendations — vnderstand — reuerend master *Hobson* found with a whore in *Roane* — place, a common bawdy house — must be whipt. *Hob.* No more good *Iohn*.
Iohn. You haue had none yet, — whipt about the towne.
Hob. Sweet honest *Iohn*, why bones-a-me knaue *Iohn*.
Iob. In witnes wherof, all these honest gentlemen eye-witnesses haue set to their hands, nay my mistresse shall know't, that's flat: are there not wenches enow in *England*, but you must walke ouer sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to come into *France* a wenching, what an old man too! hee shall know what a slippery tricke you would haue serued her in your slippers in *France*.
Hob. Nay bones-a-me *Iohn*, friends, sweet *Iohn*, all friends: I doe confesse t'hast ouer-reacht thy Master.
Ca mee, ca thee, conceale this from my wife,
And Ile keepe all thy knauery from thine vncle.
Iohn. Well sir, in hope of amendment I am content, and yet—

Hob.

Hob. Nay bones-a-me, Ile take you at your word.
Besides, I hope these honest Gentlemen
Will saue my credit. *Iohn.* Ile entreat for you.
Hob. 'Tis Logicke to me sir, I vnderstand you not.
Iohn. Marry sir they say, if you will walke with them to their lodgings, for my sake they inuite you to dinner.
Hob. Gra-mercy Gentlemen, gra-mercy *Iohn*, but ones-a-me knaue, where are their lodgings?
Iohn. Hard by, why doe you aske?
Hob. I hope they'le bring me to no more bawdy houses, I would not be taken napping againe for two and one:
But Gentlemen Ile accept of your courtesie, and then *Iohn*
You shall with me to *England*, wee'll shew *France*
Our backes. And you will needs deale for your selfe
Afore your time, you shall do't in *England*.
Will you walke Gentlemen?
Curt. Adieu Mounseur, and *Gresham* farewell too,
No more of French, no more French craft shall doe. *Exeunt.*

Enter sir Thomas Ramsie *being Mayor, Sheriffe, Sword-bearer, &c.*

Sir Tho. Well said my masters, see all things be ready
To giue her Maiesty such entertainment,
As may grace *London*, and become the state
Her Highnesse brings along.
Where's the Queene now?
Sword. She comes along the Strand from *Somerset* house,
Through Temple-barre, downe Fleetstreet and the Cheape,
The North side of the Burse to Bishops-gate,
And dines at Master *Greshams*, and appoints
To returne on the South-side through Corne-hill,
And there when shee hath view'd the roomes aboue,
And walkes below, shee'll giue name to the Burse.
Sher. The streets are fit, and all the Companies
Plac'd in their liueries gainst her returne.
But my Lord Mayor, shall these Ambassadours
This day haue audience?
Sir Tho. Admittance if not audience was granted,
See therefore Trumpets, and all kindes of Musicke

Be

Beplac'd against her royall interview,
The steps with arrase spread where she ascends,
Besides, giue charge vnto the shop-keepers
To make their best showes in the vpper roomes,
Because the Queene intends to compasse it.

Sher. Tis done my Lord.

Trumpets a farre off.

Sir Tho. The Queene hath din'd the trampets sound already,
And giue note of her comming Bid the Waits
And Hoboyes be ready at an instant.

Enter at one dore the Queene, Leceſter, Suſſex, Lord Greſham. At the other Caſſimer, the French and Florentine Ambaſſadors. Sir Thomas Ramſie, &c.

Queen. *Leſter* and *Suſſex*, are those the Ambassadors?

Leſt. They are dread Soueraigne: hee that formost stands,
The Emperours, the second is the French,
The last is the Florentine. *Queen.* We will receiue them.

Here the Queene intertaines the Ambaſſadors, and in their ſeuerall languages confers with them.

Suſſex and *Leſter* place the Ambassadors,
We at our Court of *Greenwich* will dilate
Further of these designes. Where's *Greſham*?

Greſh. Your humble subiect and seruant.

Queen. Our leasure now serues to suruey your Burse,
A goodly frame, a rare proportion.
This City our great Chamber cannot shew vs,
To adde vnto our fame a monument
Of greater beauty: *Leceſter* what sayst thou?

Leceſt. That I my Soueraigne haue not seene the like.

Queen. *Suſſex*, nor you?

Enter Hobſon.

Suſſ. Madam not I: This *Greſhams* worke of stone,
Will liue to him when I am dead and gone.

Hob. Heauen blesse thy Grace Queene *Beſſe*.

Queen. Friend, what are you?

Hob. Knowest thou not me Queene? then thou knowest (no body)
Bones-a-me Queene, I am *Hobſon*, old *Hobſon*,
By the Sockes, I am sure you know me.

Queen. What is he *Leceſter*, doſt thou know this fellow?
Greſham or you?

Greſh. May it pleaſe your Maieſty,
He is a rich ſubſtantiall Citizen.

Hob. Bones-a-me woman, ſend to borrow money
Of one you doe not know, there's a new tricke:
Your Grace ſent to me by a Purſeuant,
And by a priuy Seale, to lend your Highneſſe
An hundred pound; I hearing that my Queene
Had need of money, and thinking you had knowne me,
Would needs vpon the bearer force two hundred:
The Queene ſhould haue had three rather then faile,
Iby this hand Queene *Beſſe*, I am old *Hobſon*,
A Haberdaſher, and dwelling by the ſtockes:
When thou ſeeſt money with thy Grace is ſcant,
For twice fiue hundred pound thou ſhalt not want.

Queen. Vpon my bond.

Hob. No, no my Soueraigne,
Ile take thine owne word without skrip or ſcrowle.

Queen. Thankes honeſt *Hobſon*, as I am true maide,
Ile ſee my ſelfe the money backe repayd:
Thou without grudging lendeſt, thy purſe is free,
Honeſt as plaine.

Suff. A true well meaning man I warrant him.

Greſh. Your Maieſty promiſt to giue the name
To my new Burſe.

Queen. Greſham we will. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

Leceſt. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

Queen. Proclaime through euery high ſtreet of this City,
This place to be no longer cald a Burſe,
But ſince the building's ſtately, faire and ſtrange,
Be it for euer call'd the Royall Exchange. *All flouriſh here.*
And whilſt this voice flies through the ſtreets for th-right,
Ariſe Sir *Thomas Greſham* now a Knight.
Be our Ambaſſadours conducted all
Vnto their ſeuerall lodgings: this 23. of *Ianuary*,
A thouſand, fiue hundred, and ſeuenty, *Elizabeth*
Chriſtens this famous worke: Now to our Court

Of *Greenwich*, *Gresham*, thankes for our good cheare;
Wee to our people, they to vs are deare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nowel *and Lady* Ramsie.

La.Ram. What thinke you of my husband, master Deane?

Now. As of all men, wee are mortall, made of clay,
Now healthfull, now crasie; now sicke, now well;
Now liue, now dead; and then to heauen or hell.

La.Ram. It cheares my heart, now in his deepe of sicknesse
He is so charitable, and so well addicted
Vnto the poores relicfe.

Now. It ioyes me too:
Great is the number of the rich in shew
About the City, but of the charitable
There are but few.

La.Ram. Amongst these I hold *Hobson* well deserues
To be ranckt equall with the bountifullest:
He hath rais'd many falling, but especially
One master *Rowland*, once call'd *Tawny-coat*,
But now an able Citizen, late chosen
A Master of the Hospitall.

Now. I know him well,
A good sufficient man, and since he purchas'd
His freedome in the City, Heauen hath blest
His trauaile with increase.

La.Ram. I haue knowne old *Hobson*
Sit with his neighbour *Gunter*, a good man,
In Christs Church morne by morne, to watch poore couples
That come there to be married, and to be
Their common fathers, and giue them in the Church,
And some few Angels for a dower to boot.
Besides, they two are call'd the common Gossips
To witnesse at the Font for poore mens children:
None they refuse that on their helpe doe call,
And to speake truth, they're bountifull to all.

Enter Hobson.

Hob. Good morrow master Doctor; my good Lady!
Bones-a-me woman, thou look'st sad to day,
Thou hast not drunke a cup of Sacke this morning.

La.Ram. We haue beene dealing of our charity

This morning to poore Souldiers, such as want.
Hob. Heauens blessing of your heart, need must be fed.
Let vs that haue it giue the hungry bread.
Enter Rowland. *alias* Tawny-coat.
Taw. Where's master *Hobson?*
Hob. My new elected master of the Hospitall,
What hasty newes with you?
Taw. Oh sir, the loue I beare you makes me chary,
Of your good name, your credit's deare to me:
You neuer were condemn'd for any thing,
Since I had first acquaintance with your name,
As now you are; you haue done a deed this day,
That hath from you tane all good thoughts away.
Hob. Where? bones-a-me why? speake, why?
Taw. This day you haue pursu'd the Law seuerely
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you
A hundred pound, and he's condemn'd for it,
And this day he must dye. *Hob.* Bones man, 'tis not so.
Taw. He is by this halfe way to Tyburne gone,
The suit was followed in *Iohn Greshams* name,
How can you then auow you know it not?
Hob. A horse, a horse, cart-horse, mault-horse, any thing.
To saue the knaues life, I protest, I sweare,
This was the first time that I heard the knaue
Hath beene in any trouble, bones-a-me,
'Twas done without my knowledge.
Taw. Young *Gresham* in his name pursu'd his life.
Hob. They are knaues both, a horse,
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man,
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes:
Men are more worth then money M. *Rowland*,
Come helpe me to a horse, the next I meet,
To saue the knaues life gallops through the street.
Ex. Hobson *and* Tawnicoat.
Now. Men are more worth then money, he sayes true,
'Tis sayd by many, but maintain'd by few.
Lady. He is plaine and honest, how many great professors
Line in this populous City, that make shew

Of

Of greater zeale, yet will not pay so deare
For a transgressors life: but few are found,
To saue a man would lose a hundred pound. *Enter* Tawnycoat.

Now. So suddenly return'd?

Taw. He rid too fast for me, he hath beene at buffets
With a poore Collier, and vpon his horse,
Is without saddle, bridle, bootes, or spurres,
Gallopt towards St. *Giles.*

Now. They will take him for a mad man.

Taw. All's one to him, he does not stand on brauery
So he may doe men good, good deeds excell:
And though but homely done, may be done well.

Lady. Heauen prosper his intent: now M. Doctor,
And M. *Rouland*, let me craue your companies,
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you
One of his Executors, and would vse your paines
In these extreames of sicknesse.

Now. I am pleas'd,
Ile giue giue him physicke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Lords.

1. You are an early riser, my good Lord.

2. The blood of youth that trafficks in the Court
Must not be sluggish: your kind remembrance.

3. My very good Lord, we that are stars that waite vpon the (traine
Of such a *Cynthia* vnder which wee liue
Must not be *tarde.*

1. You haue said true, we are starters in one houre.
And our attendance is to waite on such a Queene,
Whose vertue is vnmatch't: but to leaue that
Which euery tongue is glad to commune with,
Since *Monsiers* first arriuall in the Land,
The time that he was here, and the time since,
VVhat royalty hath beene in *Englands* Court,
Both princely reuelling, and warlike sport.

2. Such sports doe fitly fit our Nation,
That forraine eyes beholding what wee are,
May rather seeke our peace then wish our warre.

3. Heauen blesse our Soueraigne from her foes intent,

The peace we haue is by her gouernment. *Enter Doctor Parry.*

1. M. Doctor *Parry.* 2. Good morrow M. Doctor,

3. You are an early riser sir.

Doct. My Lord, my Lord, my very good Lord.

1. This Summer morning makes vs couetous
To take the profit of the pleasant ayre.

Doct. 'Tis healthfull to be stirring in a morning.

2. It hath pleas'd the Queene to shew him many fauours.

3. You say but right, and since his last disgrace
The cause so great it had surely touch't his life,
Had not the Queene beene gracious. Hee seemes at Court
A man more gracious in our Soueraignes eye
Then greater subiects.

2. She hath giuen him much preferment,
In greatest place grac't him with conference:
Ask't for him in his absence, and indeed
Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.

3. But did you neuer heare the cause of his disgrace?

2. He did intend the murther of a Gentleman,
One M. *Hare* here of the Inner Temple,
And so farre brought his purpose to effect,
That M. *Hare* being priuate in his chamber,
He watching a, he thought fit time, broke in vpon him:
But he assaulted so, behau'd himselfe,
That he did guard himselfe, and attacht him.
From whence he was committed vnto Newgate,
And at the Sessions by twelue honest men,
Found guilty of Burglary, and condemn'd to dye:
And had dy'd, had her Grace not pardon'd him.

2. She is a gracious Princesse vnto all,
Many she raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1. Fie M. Doctor,
Your face beares not the habite it was wont,
And your discourse it alter'd, what's the matter?

Doct. And if my brow be sad, or my face pale,
They doe belye my heart, for I am merry.

1. Men being as you are, so great in grace
With such a royall Princesse, haue no reason. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gen.

Gent. Roome for my Lord high Steward.

Enter the Earle of Leceſter, *and all the Lords flocke after him, & exeunt.* *Manet* Parry.

Doct. The diſcontent's deſire to be alone,
My wiſhes are made vp, for they are gone.
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clocke
Ile keepe from going with a double locke:
Yet will it ſtrike, this day it muſt be done.
What muſt be done? what muſt this engine doe?
A deed of treaſon hath prepar'd me to.
Theſe two, theſe two, which they had life by her.
And ſhall theſe two kill their deliuerer?
The life that makes me riſe? theſe once my ſinne
Had forfeited, her mercy pardon'd mee:
I had beene eaten vp with wormes ere this,
Had not her mercy giuen a life to this:
And yet theſe hands if I performe my oath,
Muſt kill that life that gaue a life to both.
I haue tane the Sacrament to do't, confeſs'd
With Cardinall *Cemo* about it, and receiu'd
Full abſolution from his Holineſſe,
Beene ſatisfied by many holy fathers,
During my trauels both in *France* and *Italy*,
The deed is iuſt and meritorious,
And yet I am troubled when I doe remember
The excellency of her Maieſty,
And I would faine deſiſt, but that I know
How many vowes of mine are gone to Heauen,
My letters and my promiſes on earth,
To holy fathers and graue Catholicks,
Then in the Garden where this day ſhe walkes,
Her graces I will caſt behinde mine eyes,
And by a ſubiects hand a Soueraigne dyes.

Enter Gent.

Gent. Cleare the way Gentlemen for the Queene.

Exit Gent.

Maſter Doctor *Parry*

Doct. O let me ſee a difference in this man.
Before this Queene (that I am come to kill)
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her reſpect,

And

And giue me conntenance mongst greatest Earles,
This man was forward to thrust me forth,
Then now he is humble to accept in me.
If then her Grace hath honor'd mee so much,
How can this hand giue her a treacherous touch?
The Trumpets, speake heauen, what shall I doe?
Euen what hell and damn'd hart 'shall thrust me to.

Enter Queene, Lester, and Lords.

Queen. Faire day my Lords, you are all Larkes this morning.
Vp with the Sunne, you are stirring earely.

Lecest. Wee are all subiect to your Soueraignes light.

Queen. That you call duty we accept as loue,
And we doe thanke you, nay we thanke you all:
Tis not to one, but tis ingenerall.

Lest The Queene would walke apart, forbeare my Lords.

Doct. Now, what makes me shake?
Doe Angels guard her, or doth Heauen pertake
Her refuge?

Queen. In such a garden may a Soueraigne
Be taught her louing subiects to maintaine.
Each Plant vnto his nature and his worth,
Hauing full cherishing, it springeth forth.
Weedes must bee weeded out, yet weeded so,
Till they doe hurt, let them in Heauens name grow.

Doct. Now *Queene.* *He offers to shoote.*

Queen. VVho's there, my kind friend M. Doctor *Parry*?

Doctor. My most dread Soueraigne.

Queen. Why doe you tremble M. Doctor? haue you any suit (to vs?
Shake not at vs, we doe our Subiects loue,
Or does thy face shew signes of discontent
Through any heauy want oppresseth thee?
Though at our Court of Greenewich thou wert crost
In suing to be Master of Saint Katherines,
To doe thee good seeke out a better place,
Shee'll giue thee that, the which hath giuen thee grace.

she turns & hee offers to shoot, & returns hee drawes hand.

Doct. I know your loue dread Queene: Now

Queen. M. Doctor, about the talke we had together,
Of English Fugitiues that seeke my life:

You

You told mee of them I am beholding to you.

Doct. I did no more then duty: O happy time!

Queen. And will they ſtill perſiſt? doe they deſire my bloud?
That wake when I ſhould ſleepe to doe them good:

Doct. Madam.

Queen. O my maker! *Parry*, Villaine, Traitor,
What doeſt thou with that Dagge?

Doct. Pardon dread Soueraigne.

Queen. Pardon thou villaine, that ſhewes thou art a Traytour,
Treaſon my Lords, Treaſon. *Enter the Lords.*

Leſt. Ha, by the bleſt place of Heauen, treaſon and we ſo neere?
A Traytour with a Dagge,
Lords guard the Queene: are you not frighted Madam?
Ile play the Sergeant to arreſt the wretch.

Queen. Be not ſo raſh good *Leceſter*, hee's dead already.
Strucke with remorce of that hee was to doe:
Pray let me ſpeake with him: Say M. Doctor,
Wherein haue I deſeru'd an ill of you,
Vnleſſe it were an ill in pardoning you.
What haue I donne toward you to ſeeke my life,
Vnleſſe it were in taking you to grace.

Doct. Mercy dread Queene.

Queen. I thanke my Maker, I haue mercy to remit
A greater ſinne, if you repent for it. Ariſe.

Leceſt. My Lords, what doe you meane, take hence that villaine,
Let her alone, ſhee'll pardon him againe:
Good Queene wee know you are too mercifull,
To deale with Traitours of this monſtrous kinde.
Away with him to the Tower, then to death,
A Traitours death, ſhall ſuch a Traitour haue,
That ſeekes his Soueraignes life that did him ſaue.

Queen. Good *Leceſter*.

Leceſt. Good Queene you muſt be rul'd.

Enter Iacke Gresham.

Iohn. Nay *Iacke*, hold on thy reſolution: they ſay, that may happen in one houre that happens not againe in 7. yeare, and I ſhould chance to take her in the right vaine, and ſhee kindly beſtow her ſelfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from nothing

nothing, for I haue ſpent all and am not worth any thing, and indeed vnleſſe this ſame good old Lady *Ramſie* take ſome pitty vpon me and take me for better for worſe, Heauen knowes in which of the two Counters I ſhall keepe my next Chriſtmas in. but by this hand, if ſhee will accept of mee in this miſerable eſtate that I am in now, for I haue neither money nor credit, as I am an honeſt man, and that's more I am afraide, then any man will beleeue of me, ile forſweare all woman but her, and will not kiſſe any of my neighbours wiues for a kingdom e. Here's the houſe, Ile knocke at the doore: what ſhall I doo't in the Caneleere humour, with whoſe within there Ho, or in the Puritant humour, with by your leaue good brother: faith in neither, for in the one, I ſhall be taken for a ſwaggering knaue, and in the other to bee an hypocriticall foole: but honeſt *Iacke*, in thine owne honeſt humour, plain dealing's a Iewell, and I haue vs'd it ſo long I am next doore to a begger. *Enter 2 Creditors.*

But what a plague makes theſe heere? theſe two are two of my Creditors, I muſt ſtoppe their mouths, fleet them from hence, or all the fat's in the fire.

1. M. *Greſham*, you are well met.

Iohn. I hope Gentlemen you will ſay ſo anon. So, but you are alone, are you not?

2. M. *Greſham*, why doe you aske?

Iohn. A man hath reaſon to aske, being as I am, that neuer ſeeth his Creditors, but is afeard of the Catch-pole. But you are kind my friends, and I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but M. *Greſham*, a man may beare till his backe breake.

Iohn. I, Porters may; but you that are ſubſtantiall honeſt Citizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking, you know there's no man ſo low but Heauen can raiſe him; and though I am now out at heeles, or ſo as you may thinke, I am in the way of preferment, & hope to be able to pay euery man within this hour.

1. We ſhould be glad to ſee it. 2. But how pray Sir?

Iohn. How? why very eaſily, If I can compaſſe it: The truth is, though you would little thinke it, I am ſuter for my L. *Ramſie*.

1. But I dare ſweare ſhe is no ſuter to you.

Enter Lady Ramſie *and D.* Nowell.

Iohn. Why that's true too; for if ſhe were a ſuter to me, we

ſhould

shou'd be man and wife straight, & you shou'd haue your money within this halfe hour. But looke, looke where she comes: as you are good men, mum, patience, and pray for my proceedings: If I doe speede, as I am partly perswaded, you shall haue your own with the aduantage, if I should be croste, you know the worst, forbearance is no acquittance: but mum, if it proue a match and any of you should chance to be in the Counter, you know my marriage being spread, my word will be currant, then mum.

Now. Madam you are welcome to Lumber-streete.

Lady. I thanke your courtesie good M. Deane.

Iohn. See how fortunatly all things chance, if it happen as I hope it will, she taking a liking to me, here is a Priest to marry vs presently, Madam. *Lady:* Would you any buisines with me sir?

Iohn. Faith Lady necessary buisines, & not to goe far about the bush, I am come to be a Suter vnto you, and you know the fashion of young men when they come a woing to ancient widowes the way to speede is to begin thus: *La.* You are very forward sir.

Iob You wou'd say so Lady if you knew how forward I would be: but Madam you are rich, and by my Troth I am very poore, and I haue become as a man should say starke naught: but hee goes farre that neuer turnes, and if now I haue a desire to mend and being in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you to put me out of it, you may make an honest man of me, if if it please you: and when thou hast made me one, by my Troth *Mal.* ile keepe my selfe, for I am a Gentleman both by the fathers side and mothers side, and though I haue not the mucke of the world I haue a great deale of good Loue, and I prethee accept of it.

Lady. M. Deane,
Doe you know this Gentlemans buisinesse with me?

Now. Not I, beleeue me Madam.

Iohn. I shall haue her sure. Why ile tell you Sir, My Lady heere is a comely, ancient, rich, widow, and I am an honest, proper, poore young man, remembring still I am a Gentleman, now what good her riches may doe to my pouerty, your grauity may ghesse: saue a soule perhaps M. Deane; looke you sir, it is but giuing my hand into hers, and hers into mine. M. Deane, I protest shee hath my heart already, and with some three or four

words which I know you haue by rote, make vs two, my Lady and I, one till death vs depart.

Lady. This Gentleman thinkes that to be a matter of nothing. But doe you loue me as you doe protest?

Iohn. Loue you Madam, I loue you by this hand: I shall haue her sure; friends, you see how the busines goes forward, bring me your billes to morrow morning, or vpon the hope that I haue you may leaue them with mee, I shall be able to discharge you; Ha, ha, *Iacke.*

Lady. How will you maintaine me Sir; if I should marry you?

Iohn. Maintaine, what needst thou aske that question? Foot thou hast maintenance enough for thee and I too, If I should marry you? Friends, you see how it goes now, to morrow within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper hand of my Vncle, and the next Sunday I that was scarce worthy to sit in the Belserie, the Church-wardens fetch me, and seat me in the Chauncell.

Lady. M. Deane, I protest, neuer since I was widow, Did man make so much loue to me. Sir for your loue, I am much beholding to you.

Iohn. Doe *Mall*, prethee doe not thinke it so. Be chosen one of the common Counsell, or one of the Masters of the Hospitall, so perhaps I shall neuer become it; marry if I should bee chosen one of the Masters of Bridewell, for some of my old acquaintance I sue, I would take it vpon me, vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

La. Ram. Fill mee a large cup full of Hippocras, And bring me hither 20. li. in gold.

Iohn. And one of your husbands Liuery Gownes, so now you trouble your selfe too much, that gold is to content vs withall a simple morning: Friends you cannot beat mee downe with your bills. M. Deane of Poules, I pray you stay and dine with me, you shall not say me nay, the offner you come, the more welcome.

Nem. You are merry sir.

Iohn. I thanke Heauen, and all the world may see I haue no cause, That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

Lady.

Lady. Sir, you shall not say the lou you shew'd to me,
Was entertain'd but with kind curtesie:
This for your loue, vnto your health I drinke.
Pledge mee.

Iohn. I by my Troth *Mall* will I, were it as deepe as a well.

Lady. Now for your paines there is twenty pound in gold,
Nay, take the Cuppe too sir, thanks for your loue:
And were my thoughts bent vnto marriage,
I rather would with you that seeme thus wilde,
Then one that hath worse thoughts and seemes more mild.

Iohn. Foote, will you not haue me then?

Lady. Yes, When I meane to marry any one,
And that not whil'st I liue.

Iohn. See how a man may be deceiued: I thought I should haue beene sure by this time: well though I shall not haue you, I shall haue this with a goodwill.

Lady. With all my heart, and for the Loue you haue shewne, wish it to thriue with you euen as mine owne.

1. To morrow shall wee attend your Worship.

2. Sir, here's my bill, it comes to twenty pound.

Iohn. Friends, *Ploydens* Prouerbe, *The case is altered:* and by my troth I haue learn'd you a Lesson, *Forbearance is no Acquittance.* *Lady.* What men are these?

Iohn. Faith Madam, men that haue my hand, though not for my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

Lady. VVhat doth he owe you? 1. Fifty pound Madam.

Lady. VVhat you? 2. A hundred Markes.

Lady. Ile pay you both: and sir to doe you good,
To all your Creditors Ile doe the like.

Iohn. That said like a kinde wench,
And though we neuer meet againe,
VVe will haue one Busse more at parting.
And now faith I haue all my wilde oates sowen,
And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,
I'le say I rose by Lady *Ramsies* kisse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

From fifty eight, the first yeare of her Raigne,

We come to eighty eight, and of her Raigne
The thirtieth yeere: This Queene inaugurated,
And ſtrongly planted in her peoples heart,
Was in her youth ſollicited in Marriage
By many princely heires of Chriſtendome,
Eſpecially by *Philip* King of *Spaine*,
Her Siſters husband; who to atchiue his ends,
Had got a diſpenſation from the Pope:
But after many Treats and Embaſſies,
Finding his hopes in her quite fruſtrated,
Aimes all his ſtratagems, plots and deſignes
Both to the vtter ruine of our Land,
And our Religion: But th'vndaunted Queene
Fearing no threats, but willing to ſtrike firſt,
Sets forth a Fleete of one and twenty ſayle
To the Weſt Indies, vnder the Conduct
Of *Frances Drake*, and *Chriſtopher Carlake*,
Who ſet on *Cap de verd* then *Hiſpaniola*,
Setting on fire the Townes of S. *Anthony*
And S. *Dominick*: The proud Spaniard
Inraged at this Affront, ſends forth a Fleet
Three whole yeeres in preparing, to ſubuert,
Ruine, and quite depopulate this Land.
Imagine you now ſee them vnder ſayle,
Swel'd vp with many a proud vaine-glorious boaſt,
And newly entred in our Engliſh coaſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, Don Pedro, Iohn Martinus, Ricaldus, *and other Spaniards.*

Med. VVe are where we long wiſht to be at laſt,
And now this Elephants burden, our Armado,
Three yeeres an Embrion, is at length produc'd
And brought into the world to liue at Sea,
Non ſufficit orbis: our proud Spaniſh Motto
By th'Engliſh mock't, and found at *Carthagen*,
Shall it not now take force?
Can *England* ſatisfie our Auarice,
That worlds cannot ſuffize? what thinks *Don Pedro*?

Ped. *Alphonſus, Peres, Guiſman.*

Duke

Duke of *Medina* and *Sydonia*,
And royall Generall of our great Armado,
I thinke we come too ſtrong, what's our deſigne
Againſt a petty Iland gouern'd by a woman?
I thinke in ſtead of military men,
Garniſh'd with Armes and martiall Diſcipline,
She with a feminine Traine
Of her bright Ladyes beautifull'ſt and beſt,
VVill meete vs in their ſmocks, willing to pay
Their Maiden-heads for Ranſome.

Med. Think'ſt thou ſo *Don Pedro*?

Ped. I there in am confident,
And partly ſorry that our King of *Spaine*
Hath beene at charge of ſuch a Magozine,
VVhen halfe our men and Ammnition
Might haue beene ſpar'd.

Med. Thou put'ſt me now in minde
Of the Grand Signior, who (ſome few yeeres ſince)
VVhen as the great Ambaſſadour of *Spaine*,
Importun'd him for ayd againſt the Land
Stil'd by the title of the *mayden Ile*,
Calls for a Mappe: Now when the Ambaſſadour
Had ſhew'd him th'*Indies*, all *America*,
Some parts of *Aſia*, and *Europa* too:
Climes that tooke vp the greateſt part oth' Card,
And finding *England* but a ſpot of Earth,
Or a few Acres; if at all compar'd
To our ſo large and ſpacious Prouinces,
Denyes him ayd, as much againſt his honour
To fight with ſuch a Centuple of oddes,
But gaue him this aduice: Were I (ſayd he)
As your great King of *Spaine*, out of my Kingdome's,
I'de preſſe, or hire ſo many Pyoners,
As with their Spades and Mattocks ſhould digge vp
This wart of Earth, and caſt it in the Sea,
And well methought he ſpake.

Ped. Wee haue ſhewne our ſelues,
But are as yet vnfought with.

All

Med. All their hearts,
Are dead within'em, wee I feare ſhall finde
Their Seas vnguarded, and their ſhoares vnman'd,
And conquer without battaile.
Ricaldus. All their honours
And offices we haue diſpos'd already:
There's not a noble Family in *Spaine*,
In *Naples*, *Portugal*, nay *Italy*,
That hath not in our Fleete ſome eminent perſon
To ſhare in this rich booty.
Med. *Iohn Martinus*, *Ricaldus*, you our prime Nauigator,
Since fam'd *Columbus*, or great *Magellan*,
Giue vs a briefe relation of the ſtrength
And potency of this our great Armado,
Chriſtned by th'Pope, the Nauy invincible.
Rical. Twelue mighty Gallions of *Portugale*,
Fourteene great Ships of Biskey of *Caſtile*,
Eleuen tall Ships of *Andaloſia*,
Sixteene Gallions, fourteene of *Guipuſcoa*,
Ten Sayle that runne by th'name oth'Eaſterne fleete.
The ſhips of *Vrcas*, *Zaibras*, *Naples*-gallies,
Great Galliaſſes, Fly-boates, Pinnaces,
Amountiug to the number of an hundred
And thirty eight, tall ſayle: The moſt of them
Seeming like Caſtles built vpon the Sea.
Med. And what can all their Barges, Cock-boats, Oares,
Small Veſſels, (better to be ſaid to creepe
Then ſayle vpon the Ocean) doe'gainſt theſe?
They are o'recome already.
Ricald. All their burdens,
Fifty ſeuen thouſand, eight hundred ſixty eight Tunne
In them nineteene thouſand, two hundred ninety fiue Souldiers,
Two thouſand, eight hundred and eighty Gally-ſlaues.
Eight thouſand, ſix hundred and fifty Mariners,
Two thouſand, ſix hundred and thirty peece of Ord'nance,
Culuerin and Cannon.
Med. Halfe theſe would ſuffize,
Nor haue we needs of ſuch ſurpluſſage,

Againſt

Againſt their petty fly-boats, *Enter a Spaniard.*
Span. We haue diſcouer'd
Riding along the Coaſts of *France* and *Dunkerke*
An Engliſh Nauy.
Med. Of what ſtrength, what force?
Span. Their number ſmall, yet daring as it ſeemes,
Their ſhips are but low built, yet ſwift of Saile.
Whether their purpoſe be to fight I know not,
They beare vp brauely with vs.
Ped. Caſt our Fleet
Into a wide, and Semi-circled Moone:
And if we can but once incompaſſe them,
Wee'll make the Sea their Graues: And themſelues Food
For the Sea-worme call'd *Haddock*.
Med. Lets ſaile on
Towards the *Thames* mouth, and there diſburden vs
Of our land Souldiers,
And if the Prince of *Parma* keepe his appointment,
Who (with a Thouſand able men at Armes,
Old Souldiers, and of moſt approued diſcipline)
Lies garriſond at *Dunkerke*; We at once
Will ſwallow vp their Nation, and our word
Be from hence forth *Victoria*.
Omnes *Victoria, Victoria.* *Exeunt.*
Med. Had we no other forces in our Fleete
Nor men, nor Armes, nor Amunition
Powder, nor Ord'nance, but our empty bottomes,
Ballaſt with the *Popes* bleſſing, and our Nauy
Chriſtned by him the *Nauy Inuincible*,
We had inough: VVhat's more's vnneceſſary
Nor thinke we threaten *England* all in vaine
'Tis ours and we heere Chriſten it *New Spaine*.
D Omnes. *Victoria, Victoria.* *Sir Anthony Browne.*
rum and *Collers*. *Enter the Earle of* Leceſter, *the Earle of* Hunſdon *bearing the Standard,* Queene Elizabeth *Compleately arm'd, and Souldiers.*
Queen. A ſtand, from *London* thus far haue wee marched,
Heere pitch our Tents: How doe you call this place?

Leceſt. The Towne you ſee to whom theſe Downes belong,
Giues them to name the plaines of *Tilbery*,
Queen. Be this then ſtil'd our Campe at *Tilbery*,
And the firſt place we haue bin ſeene in Armes
Or thus accounutred heere wee fixe our foot,
Not to ſtir backe, were we ſure heere t'incounter
With all the Spaniſh vengeance threatned vs,
Came it in Fire and Thunder, Know my Subiects
Your Queene hath now put on a Maſculine ſpirit,
To tell the bold and daring what they are,
Or what they ought to be: And ſuch as faint,
Teach them by my example Fortitude.
Nor let the beſt proou'd ſouldier heere diſdaine
A woeman ſhould conduct an hoaſt of men
To their diſgrace or want of preſident.
Haue you not read of braue *Zenobia* Legions
An eaſterne Queene, who fac'd the Romaine
Euen in their pride, and height of potency,
And in the field incountred perſonally.
Aurelianus Ceſer Thinck in me
Her ſpirit ſuruiues, Queene of this weſterne Ile,
To make the ſcorn'd name of *Elizabeth*,
As frightfull and as terrible to *Spaine*
As was *Zenobias* to the ſtate of *Rome*.
Oh I could wiſh them landed, and in view
To bid them inſtant battaileere march farther
Into my Land, this is my vow, my reſt,
Ile paue their way with this my virgin breſt.
Leſt. But (Madam) ere that day come
There will be many a bloudy noſe, and crack'd crowne,
Wee ſhall make worke for Surgeons.
Queen. I hop, to Leiſter for you Sir Anthony *Browne*,
Thought your Religion and recuſancy
Might in theſe dangerous and ſuſpicious times,
Haue drawne your loyaly into ſuſpence,
Yet haue you heere in amply clear'd your ſelfe,
By bringing vs 500 men well arm'd, and your own ſelfe in perſon.
Sir Antho. Not onely thoſe, but all that I enioy

are

Are at your highnes seruice.

Queen. Now Lord *Hunsdon*,
The Lord Leiutenant of our force by land,
Vnder our Generall *Lester*, what thinkest thou
Of their Armado, christned by the *Pope*
The *Nauy Inuincible*?

Huns. That ther's a power aboue both them and vs,
That can their proud and haughty Menaces
conuert to their owne ruins.

Queen. Thinckest thou so *Hounsdon*?
No doubt it will: Let me better furnay my Campe. *Florish*
Some Wine there,-- a health to all my Souldiers *Trumpets.*
Me thinkes I doe not see amongst all my Troupes,
One with a Courtiers face--- but all looke souldier like.
Whence came this sound of shot? *A peale of shot within.*

Lest. It seemes the Nauy,
Stil'd by the *Pope* the *Nauy Inuincible*, riding along the coast of
discouer'd first by Captaine *Thomas Fleming* (*France & Dunkerk*,
Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

Queen. Heauen prosper their defence,
Oh had God made vs manlike like our mind,
We'd not be heere fenc'd in a murre of armes,
But ha'bin present at these Sea alarmes.

Horne. *Enter* 1 *Post.*
Make way there, what's the newes?

1 *Post.* Heauen blesse your Maiesty,
Your royall Fleet bids battaile to the Spaniard,
Whose number with aduantage of the wind
Gaines them great odds: But the vndaunted worth
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,
Sir *Frances Drake*, and *Martine Furbisher*,
Iohn Hankins, and your other English Captaines
Takes not away all hope of Victory.

Queen. Canst thou describe the manner of the fight?
And where the royall Nauies first incountred?

Post. From Douer-Cleefe we might discerne them ioyne,
Twixt that and Callice: There the fight begunne.
Sir *Frances Drake*, Vice-Admirall was first,

Gaue an on-set to this great Armado of *Spaine*,
The manner thus, with twenty sixe sayle,
Those ships of no great burden, yet well man'd;
For in that dreadfull conflict few or none
Of your ships royall came within the sight.
This *Drake* (I say) whose memory shall liue
While this great world he compast first, shall last,
Gaue order that his Squadrons, one by one
Should follow him some distance, steares his course,
But none to shoote till he himselfe gaue fire:
Forward he steard as farre before the rest,
As a good Musket can well beare at twice.
And as a Spy comes to surnay their Fleete,
Which seem'd like a huge City built on the Sea.
They shot, and shot, and emptied their broad sides
At his poore single Vessell, he sayles on,
Yet all this while no fire was seene from him:
The rest behind (longing for action)
Thought he had beene turn'd Coward, that had done
All this for their more safety: He now finding
Most of their present fury spent at him,
Fires a whole Tyre at once, and hauing emptied
A full broad side, the rest came vp to him
And did the like vndaunted: scarce the last
Had past by them, but *Drake* had clear'd the Sta:
For ere th'vnweildy Vessels could be stir'd,
Or their late emptied Ordnance charg'd agen,
He takes aduantage both of Winde and Tyde,
And the same course he tooke in his progresse,
Doth in his backe returne keepe the same order,
Scouring along as if he would beseige them
With a new wall of fire: In all his Squadrons
Leauing no Charge that was not bruely man'd,
Insomuch, that blood as visibly was seene
To powre out of their port-holes in such manner,
As after showers ith' Cittey spouts spill raine.
And thus *Drake* bad them welcome: what after happen'd
Such a huge cloud of smoake inviron'd vs,

We could not well discouer.

Queen. There's for thy speed,
And *England* ne'e want such a *Drake* at neede.

Enter the second Post.

Th'art welcome, what canst thou relate
Touching this natiall Conflict?

2. *Post.* Since *Drakes* first on-set, and our fleete retyr'd,
The Spanish Nauy being linck't and chain'd
Like a halfe Moone, or to a full-bent Bow
Attend aduantage; where amongst the rest
Sir *Martine Furbusher* blinced with smoake,
By chance is fallen into the midst of them,
Still fighting 'gainst extreamity of oddes,
Where he with all his gallant followers
Are folded in Death's armes.

Qu. If he survive he shalbe nobly ransom'd, if he be dead,
Yet he shall liue in immortality:
How fares our Admirall?

2. *Post.* Bravely directs,
And with much Iudgement: *England* never bred
Men that a Sea-fight better mannaged.

Qu. It cheeres my blood— and if so Heauen be pleas'd
For some neglected duty in our selfe,
To punish with losse of these braue spirits, his will be done;
Yet will wee pray for them: What sayes valiant *Lester*?
Thou wilt not leaue vs, wilt thou? look'st thou pale?
What sayes old *Hunsdon*? nay lle speake thy part,
Thy hand old Lord, I'me sure I haue thy heart.

Hunsd. Both hand and heart. *Enter the third Poste.*

Qu. Before thou speak'st, tell me thee If he be dead,
Our selfe will see his funerall honoured.

3. *Poste.* I then proceede thus: when the great Galliares,
And Galliasses had inuiron'd them,
The vndaunted *Furbusher* though round beset,
Cheer'd vp his Souldiers, and well man'd his sights,
And standing bare-head bravely on the Decke,
When murdering shot, as thicke as *Aprils* hayle
Swoong by his eares: He wau'd his warlike Sword,

Firing at once his Tyres on either side
With such a fury, that he brake their Chaines,
Shattred their Decks, and made their stoutest ships
Like drunkards reele, and tumble side to side:
Thus in Warres spight, and all the Spaniards scoffe
He brought both Ship and Souldiers brauely off.

Qu. VVarres spight indeed, and we to doe him right,
VVill call the ship he fought in, *The warres spight.*
Now Country-men, shall our spirits here on Land *A march within.*
Come short of theirs so much admir'd at Sea?
If there be any here that harbour feare,
VVe giue them liberty to leaue the Campe,
And thanke them for their absence.
A March, lead on, wee'le meete the worst can fall,
A mayden Queene is now your Generall.

As they march about the Stage, Sir Frances Drake *and Sir* Martine Furbusher *meete them with Spanish Ensignes in their hands, and Drum & Colours before them.*

Qu. VVhat meanes those Spanish Ensignes in the hands
Of English subiects?

Drake. Gracious Queene,
They shew that Spaniards liues are in the hands
Of *Englands* Soueraigne.

Qu. Englands! God be praised:
Put prethee *Drake* (for well I know thy name)
Nor will I be vnmindfull of thy worth,
Briefly rehearse the danger of the Battaile,
Till *Furbusher* was rescued we haue heard.

Drake. VVe then retyr'd, and after counsell cal'd,
VVe stuft eight empty Hoyes with pitch and oyle,
And all th'ingredients aptest to take fire,
And sent them where their proud Armado lay:
The Spaniard now at Anchor, thought we had come
For parley, and so rode secure: but when
They beheld them flame like to so many
Bright Bon-fires,
Making their Fleete an *Ætna* like themselues,

They

They cut their Cables, let their Anchors sinke,
Burying at once more wealth within the Sea,
Then th' *Indies* can in many yeeres restore.
Now their high built, and large capacious bottomes
Being by this meanes vnaccommodated,
Like to so many rough vnbridled Steeds
Commaund the mariners, or rather are commanded;
And hurried where th'inconstant windes shall please,
Some fell on Quick-sands, others brake on shelues.
Medina their great Grand and Generall,
VVe left vnto the mercy of the Sea,
Don Pedro their high Admirall, we tooke
VVith many Knights and Noble-men of *Spaine*,
VVho are by this time landed at St. *Margrets*,
From whence your Admirall brings them vp by Land,
And at St. *Iames* his, meanes to greet your Grace.

Qu. Next vnder heauen your vallours haue the praise,
But prethee *Drake* giue vs a briefe relation of those ships
That in this expedition were imploy'd
Against the Spanish forces?

Drake. The *Elizabeth*, *Ionas*, *Triumph*, the *White Beare*,
The *mer Honora*, and the *Victory*;
Arch Rauleigh, *Du Repulse*, *Garland*, *Warres spight*,
The *Mary*, *Rose*, the *Bonauenture*, *Hope*,
The *Lyon*, *Raine-bow*, *Vantguard*, *Non pareil*,
Dread-nought, *Defiance*, *Swift-sure*, *Anti'ach*,
The *Whale*, the *Scout*, *Achates*, the *Reuenge*.

Qu. *Drake* no more.
VVhere e're this Nauy shall hereafter sayle,
O may it with no lesse successe preuayle:
Dismisse our Campe, and tread a Royall march
Toward St. *Iames*, where in martiall order
VVee'll meete and parley our Lord Admirall.
As for those Ensignes, let them be safely kept,
And giue commandment to the Deane of *Pauls*,
He not forget in his next learned Sermon
To celebrate this Conquest at *Pauls* Crosse,
And to the Audience in our name declare

Our

Our thankes to Heauen in vniuerſall prayer,
For though our Enemies be ouerthrowne,
'Tis by the hand of Heauen, and not our owne:
Cal. One ſound a Call: Now louing Countrey-men,
And fellow ſouldiers merited thankes to all,
We here diſmiſſe you, and diſſolue our Campe.
Omnes. Long liue, long raigne our Queene *Elizabeth*.
Quee. Thankes Generall, thankes,
Towards *London* march wee to a peacefull Throne,
We wiſh no warres, yet wee muſt guard our owne.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.